

September 

TARGET

10

**AL T. TUDE
WAS STUNG
INTO ACTION!**

Vol. 3 No.7



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

This page is going to press before the August issue of TARGET has been placed on sale so we have not yet received any letters from readers, telling us how they have earned money with which to buy United States War Bonds and Stamps. (Remember, in the last issue of TARGET we promised to send ten 10¢ War Savings Stamps to the writer of each letter that was published on Ye Editor's Page and the letters we printed would be a few of the best ones telling how the writer had earned money with which to buy War Stamps.)

We didn't receive this story in a letter, but one young fellow dropped in to see the editors personally and told us of a way in which he had raised money to buy War Savings Stamps that we thought made him a REAL AMERICAN. This chap had, at considerable expense and trouble, acquired a complete library of a great many comic magazines including TARGET and BLUE BOLT. He had every single issue of these magazines since they were first published, and he expected that some day all of his complete volumes would be worth a lot of money. Well, when Uncle Sam started urging all of his nephews and nieces to "BUY WAR SAVING STAMPS", this lad gathered up all of the old newspapers and scrap iron that he could find, to take it down and sell it so he could buy some of those Stamps of his Uncle's. Then, when he was about ready to take his junk down, he suddenly thought of all those comic magazines he had. They would be worth a lot more money some day than he could ever get for them as junk now, but still he couldn't help thinking about Uncle Sam's fighting men all over the world, who were sacrificing a whole lot more than our friend could hope to give. Besides, even though it was only a little bit, it's the drops of water that make a lake and the dimes that make the dollars that will help us win the war. After looking at it in this way, he figured there was only one thing to do and he did it. He put that big library of comic magazines in with the other waste paper and sold the whole pile. He decided that the waste paper would be used by Uncle Sam to help build a nice perishable coffin for someone in the Axis Powers, and the dimes that he loaned to his Uncle from the sale of the paper would buy a few bullets for some United States soldier or sailor to use on a Jap or a German who would fill the coffin.

Giving up those magazines that he had worked so hard to collect wasn't fun, but fun won't help win the war and buying War Saving Stamps will.

Are YOU doing YOUR part to HELP KEEP 'EM FLYING?

Cordially yours,

The Editors

Dear Editors:

I've just finished reading the April TARGET and it sure was a swell little book. I'm in the Army Medical Detachment Unit over at the Station Hospital. Our patients also read TARGET Comics and also the rest of the boys here, and we sure enjoy it. As we are on Harbor Defense, and don't leave here very often, we just step up to the Post Exchange and buy a TARGET Comics.

At my other camp where I was stationed before I came here, I found all the fellows at the hospital as well as officers, were regular readers of TARGET Comics. Well, I guess this is all, so I'll close with thanks and hoping you'll keep up the good work for the boys in the service.

Yours truly,
Private Charles W. Pugh
Fort Strong, Mass.

—(More and more letters similar to yours are being received from men in the service, and they do our hearts good. Our other readers with their War Stamp purchases are getting behind you fellows 100%, and you can be sure that TARGET will continue to do its part in entertainment and appeals to pave your road to VICTORY.)

* * *

Dear Editors:

In every issue of TARGET Comics the letters run something like this:

"The Target ought to be replaced by something better", or, "Spacehawk is too gory". And then there are those who write: "The Target is my favorite", or, "Spacehawk adds variety to your magazine".

Come on, readers, let's get together on this. What do you say, editors?

I suggest you take a vote and see what the majority wants and please them.

I realize the artists are working under pressure and are doing their level best to please everyone, but such an endeavor is impossible.

READERS—Why don't you bear with these men who work their fingers to the bone and their brains to a stupor to serve you?

Really, I think the readers expect too much of you fellows.

Go easy, readers, after all, these writers and artists are only human.

Yours appreciatively,
Frank Tully
New York, New York

—(Sometimes we think that "stupor" part is right, Frank. As for a contest, we will get around to that eventually, but right now we'd like to use every bit of space for promoting the sale of War Stamps and Bonds. That's our most important job right now. Don't you agree?)

Dear Editors:

I am a regular reader of TARGET Comics, but I have three criticisms:

- (1) Has the artist of the cover of the June issue ever seen a red bomber?
- (2) On one page in the Target and the Targeters their car is blue and a couple of pages over it is red and it's the same car.
- (3) How many uniforms has the Cadet got? Each month he has a different color.

Except for your color artist, your comics are swell, and I think a lot of "Ye Editor's Page", because it prints just what the kids say about the magazine.

I've noticed lately that the Yankee kids want to hear from some "real Southern kids", well, here's a "real Southern Kid".

I think most of your characters are swell, but couldn't you leave out Spacehawk and slip in a baseball comic or something?

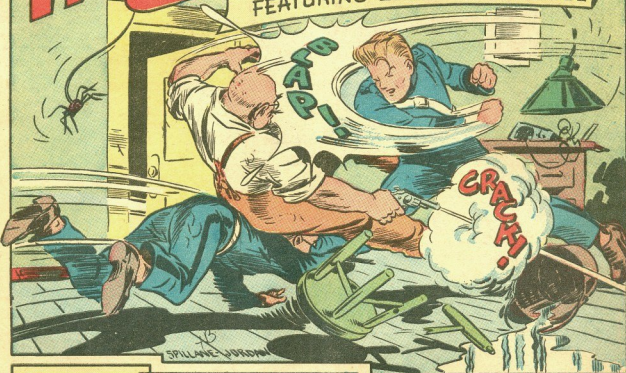
Yours,
Richard Stalder
South Jacksonville, Florida

—(Comic artists sometimes have to take poetic license with colors, Richard, hence, the red bomber. Secondly, look again at the car, it's a different one each time, and thirdly, the Cadet has three different colored uniforms.)

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The CADET

FEATURING KIT CARTER



**ESPIONAGE!
IN THE
SENATE
BUILDING!**

... AND THE
BLACK SPIDER
WEAVES A
THREAD
WHICH LEADS
KIT AND
MERRY
INTO AN
ADVENTURE OF
MYSTERY AND
INTRIGUE!

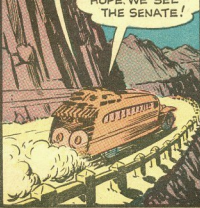
GOING TO WASHINGTON
FOR A FEW DAYS WAS A
SWELL IDEA, DAN!

GOSH, KIT! I
HOPE WE SEE
THE SENATE!

A FEW HOURS LATER ... WASHINGTON!

WELL, HERE
WE ARE!

AND HOW! LET'S
JOIN A PARTY AND
SEE THE SIGHTS!

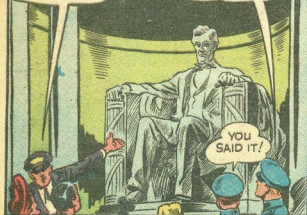


QUICKLY THEY JOIN A GUIDED TOUR ...

YOU ALL KNOW WHO THIS IS!

HE WAS A REAL MAN, DAN!

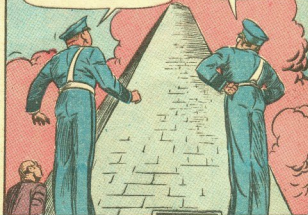
YOU SAID IT!



THEN TO THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT!

THERE'S A POINT TO DEMOCRACY-- AND THAT'S IT!

BOY! --AND HOW!



HELP THE RED CROSS, BOYS?

SURE!

SAY! I'LL TAKE A COUPLE!



HOURS LATER ... THEY VISIT THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE!

GEE! YOU WOULDN'T THINK THAT PLANE COULD MAKE IT, WOULD YOU?

NOPE! IT'S A FAR CRY FROM OUR PRESENT SHIPS!



NOW WE'LL SEE THE COMMITTEE ROOMS IN THE SENATE HOUSE. IN A FEW HOURS, MATTERS OF WORLD IMPORTANCE WILL BE DISCUSSED THERE ---- THINGS OUR ENEMIES WOULD LOVE TO KNOW.

OFFICIAL GUIDE



SO THIS IS WHERE THE NATION'S HEART BEATS!

YUP! THIS IS IT! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE DESKS.



EAGERLY, THE BOYS GO THROUGH THE ROOMS, INSPECTING THE FAMOUS NAMES CARVED INTO THE DESKS...

HEY! LOOK HERE, MERRY!

?

ALEXANDER HAMILTON!
WOW!

YEP!
THE SAME MAN
THAT FOUNDED OUR
TREASURY SYSTEM!

SO ENGROSSED ARE THE BOYS THAT THEY FAIL TO NOTICE THE REST OF THE PARTY LEAVE WITHOUT THEM!

--- AND NOW, THIS WAY, FOLKS, TO THE SENATE CHAMBER! ---

SUDDENLY...

EEEK! OH-H-H!
A BLOOMIN' BUG!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER?
AFRAID OF A
LITTLE SPIDER?

WITH ALL THIS MONEY BEING SPENT, IT'S A WONDER THEY WOULDN'T INVEST IN A CLEANER...

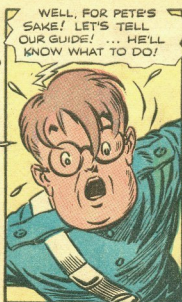
SAY! THAT'S FUNNY!
THE THING NEVER
MOVED!

'WELL! THIS IS A PHONEY!
A METAL SPIDER! --AND
THE "THREAD" IS A THIN
WIRE! SOMETHING'S
MIGHTY QUEER HERE!



THIS THING IS...
... A MICROPHONE!

SIZZLIN' SNAKES!
--THEN SOMEONE'S
TRYING TO LISTEN
IN ON THE
COMMITTEE!



WELL, FOR PETE'S
SAKE! LET'S TELL
OUR GUIDE! ... HE'LL
KNOW WHAT TO DO!



HEY! WE'RE ALL ALONE!

THEY WENT ON WITHOUT
US! LOOKS LIKE WE'LL
HAVE TO DO THIS
ALONE!



QUICKLY THEY SET ABOUT FOLLOWING
THE FINE "THREAD"...

IT RUNS ALONG
THE WALL HERE...

GOSH!
THIS IS A NEW
ONE ON ME!



Then

IT RUNS INTO
THIS VENTILATOR
GRILLE!

GET IT OFF,
THEN! -- WE'LL
FOLLOW IT
DOWN!



SPEEDILY, KIT UNSCREWS THE GRILLE,
SLIDES INSIDE, AND....

COME ON, DAN!
GET IN HERE!

DON'T RUSH ME!
I'M COMING!



DARKNESS CLOSES AROUND THEM AS THEY
BEGIN THE MAD DESCENT! ...

WOW!

OOOF!

SAY! THIS IS THE
CLEARING SPOT
FOR ALL THE
SHAFTS!

SWEET SMELLIN'
SKUNKS! I WISH
YOU'D SPEND SOME
TIME THINKIN' OF A
WAY OUT OF HERE!!!

SOMETHING'S WRONG!
IT'S GETTING HOT
IN HERE!

WE'VE BEEN
DISCOVERED!
WHOEVER IT IS,
HAS JUMPED THE
HEAT UP AND IS
TRYING TO ROAST
US TO DEATH!

KIT DISCOVERS A METAL PLATE SET IN
THE FLOOR! --- DESPERATELY, THEY
PRY AT IT!

I-I--CAN'T STAND
MUCH MORE!...

HANG ON!
IT'S TURNING!

AT LAST ... IT'S OFF!

DOWN YOU
GO, DAN!

I'LL BE
RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

BUT ... THE OTHER END OF THE CHUTE
SPELLS TROUBLE! ...

ZO!

CRACK!

WHEN THE BOYS COME TO ...

ACH! YOU ARE AWAKE! I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS TO MEDDLERS!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

I HOPE WE CAN!



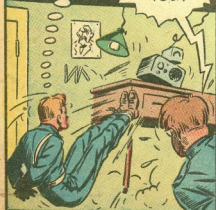
HA! YOU FAILED TO DISCONNECT THE "SPIDER"! --I WILL HEAR EVERYTHING! --AND YOU WILL DIE!!



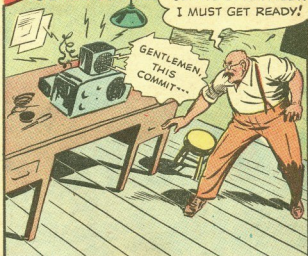
AFTER THE SPY LEAVES, KIT ACTS!

THERE GOES THE FILE! IF I CAN ONLY GET IT IN TIME!

HEY! CUT THE RACKET! HE'LL HEAR YOU!



SUDDENLY... HIMMEL! ...THE SENATE COMMITTEE!! I MUST GET READY!



I WILL BE RIGHT BACK, AND THAT WILL BE YOUR END!

OH, GEE! OH, GOSH!

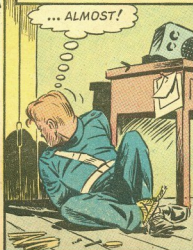
THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!



KIT EDGES TOWARD THE FILE-----

AND GETS IT!

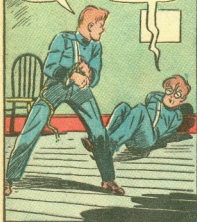
... ALMOST!



... A MOMENT LATER! FREE!

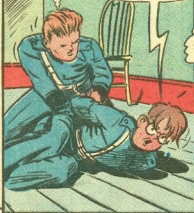
THAT DID IT!

C'MON! GET ME LOOSE!



AS SOON AS HE COMES IN, WE'LL JUMP HIM!

WELL, YOU'D BETTER HURRY UP!



JUST THEN...

JUMPIN' BLUE BLAZES!

OH, YEAH!

SO YOU ARE LOOSE! THEN I WILL KILL YOU NOW!



... AT HIM, DAN!

PFFT!

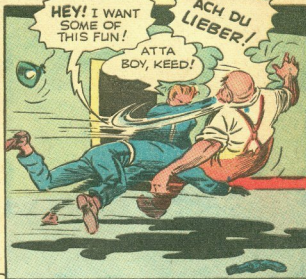
OOF!



HEY! I WANT SOME OF THIS FUN!

ACH DU LIEBER!

ATTA BOY, KEEB!



AS THE SPY GAINS HIS FEET, MERRY SLIPS BEHIND!



OVER YOU GO, MISTER "APPLE-STROODLE!"



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, DAN!

I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!





THIS WAY! THERE'S AN EXIT UP HERE SOMEWHERE!

THAT'S WHERE I WANT TO GO!



Then!

... A BULLET WILL STOP YOU!

PFFT!



WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

SOMETHING TELLS ME WE SHOULDN'T HAVE STARTED THIS!



KIT STOPS SHORT!

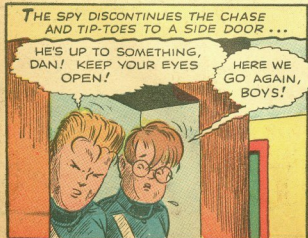
IN HERE, QUICK!

WHAT TH...?



WITH BATED BREATHS, THE BOYS FLATTEN AGAINST THE WALL!...

IF HE SPOTS US, THE JIG IS UP!



THE SPY DISCONTINUES THE CHASE AND TIP-TOES TO A SIDE DOOR...

HE'S UP TO SOMETHING, DAN! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!

HERE WE GO AGAIN, BOYS!



LOOK! HE'S GIVING AN ALL CLEAR SIGNAL TO THAT STREET CLEANER OUT THERE!

WHAT? ...ANOTHER ONE!

CLOSING THE DOOR, THE
SPY RACES BACK TO HIS
"OFFICE"!

I'M GOING AFTER
HIM, DAN! YOU
GET HELP! QUICK!

OKE!

THAT 'GUYS TAKING
DOWN EVERYTHING THAT
COMES THROUGH THE
LOUD-SPEAKER! HMM!
--THAT PAIL GIVES
ME AN
IDEA!

... AND
THE PLAN
FOR DE
FENSE WILL BE

WELL, HERE ...

... GOES!

BLASH

ENRAGED, THE SPY CHARGES!

SO! THIS TIME
YOU WILL NOT GET
AWAY!

WE'LL SEE
ABOUT THAT!

THERE!
YOU DOG!

SPLAT!

GRABBING HIS NOTES, THE SPY DASHES
THROUGH THE DOOR-WAY... ONLY TO STOP
SHORT! ...

ACH! SENATE
PAGE BOYS ... AND
THE OTHER ONE!

THERE HE
IS, FELLOWS!

GET
'IM!

GIVE 'IM THE WORKS!

I WANT A SOCK
AT HIM!

HEY! GIVE A MAN
A CHANCE!

SPLAT

HERE HE IS!
NOW, WHAT?

TIE HIM UP!

STAY WITH
THAT GUY!

OKAY!

YEAH!
WE'VE GOT TO GET
THAT STREET
CLEANER!

QUICKLY, THEY DASH TO THE SIDE EXIT...

WE'LL SPREAD OUT
WHEN WE GET TO
THE STREET!

I'M GOING
THIS WAY!

WATCH OUT!
HE MAY BE WISE!

SUPERINTENDANT
H. J. T. H. H. H. H. H.

A SHORT WHILE LATER!...

HERE HE
IS, FELLOWS!

TAKE 'EM, BOYS!

YEA!
MAN!

WHA-
TH--?

THE BOYS ARE BUSY OVERCOMING THE SPY,
WHEN A BLACK SEDAN SCREECHES TO A HALT!

OFF HIM, BRATS! --HOP
IN THE CAR, KARL!

GEE! LOOK!

HE'S
GOT A GUN!



BUT... UNSEEN BEHIND THE CAR...

HURRY
UP!

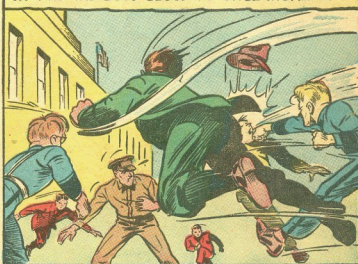
ONE...
TWO...



LIKE A FLASH, THE KID JUMPS!

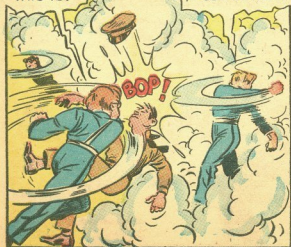


... AND THE BOYS CLOSE IN ONCE MORE ...



WHAT A
ROUND UP
THIS IS!

THE BOYS AT
DAUNTON OUGHT
TO SEE US NOW!



THE SPIES ARE OVERCOME IN SHORT ORDER!

THROW THEM IN
THAT GARBAGE WAGON
WHERE THEY BELONG!

IT'LL BE A
PLEASURE!



I'LL DUMP OUT
THIS TRASH!

THAT'S RIGHT! MAKE
ROOM FOR **THIS TRASH!**

BOY!
THIS IS FUN!



HEY! LOOK!

GREAT SCOTT!
--A RADIO SET!

HOLY
SMOKE!



I GOT IT! THE SPY
INSIDE WOULD GIVE
HIS NOTES TO RELAY
IT TO HEADQUARTERS.
FROM THERE IT WOULD
GO TO THE NAZIS!
WHEN THE CLEANER SAW
US, HE SENT AN S.O.S.
AND THIS CAR CAME!

WE'LL DUMP THEM IN THE
SENATE'S LAP!

RIGHT!



THEY ARE GREETED BY A FEW
INDIGNANT SENATORS AT THE
STEPS OF THE CAPITOL...

WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE?

SPIES!

YEAH!
MILLIONS
OF 'EM!



QUICKLY, KIT EXPLAINS ALL...

...AND THE OTHER
ONE'S DOWNSTAIRS!

FINE WORK,
LADS! YOUR
COUNTRY'S
PROUD OF ALL
OF YOU!



SO LONG,
FELLOWS!

A SWELL
BUNCH!

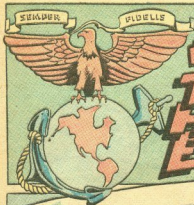


COME BACK AGAIN
AND BRING SOME
MORE SPIES!

**ORDER!
ORDER!
ORDER!**



THAT'S RIGHT!
AND THE
ORDER OF
THE DAY
IS
ACTION!
WITH
KIT AND MERRY
AGAIN IN THE
NEXT ISSUE!



THE TARGET

and the



The U.S. Press

BUY
U.S.
VICTORY
BONDS

September 25, 1942

PRICE THREE CENTS

VOL. 3 No. 7

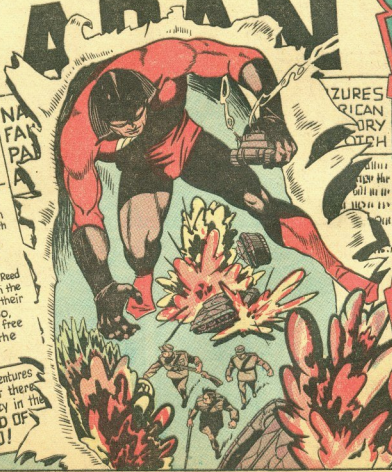
U.S. INVADES JAPAN

MARINES LAND ON NIPPON

The Marines have landed and are headed for Victory! Tom and Niles are headed for Victory! Tom and Niles are headed for Victory! Tom and Niles are headed for Victory! Tom and Niles are headed for Victory!

Tom's buddies, Niles Reed and Dave Foster are in the Army and Navy doing their share of fighting, too, for "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Follow the adventures of TOM BROWN, for there are thrills aplenty in the SINISTER LAND OF THE MIKADO!



TARGETEER

by
S. B.
MCCORMACK

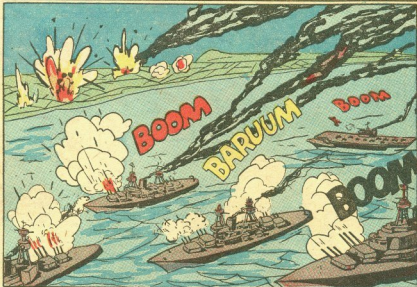
TWO MILES OFF THE SHORES OF JAPAN, ON A U.S. BATTLESHIP ...

ALL RIGHT! NOW, RADIO ALL SHIPS TO SET UP A CONSTANT BARRAGE OF GUNFIRE TO PROTECT OUR LANDING FORCES!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



IMMEDIATELY, THE GUNS OF THE U.S. SHIPS BEGIN TO ROAR! ...



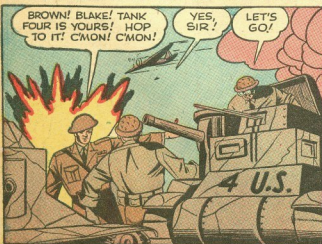
SHIPS AND PLANES, BOMBS AND TANKS, GUNS AND MEN ARE THROWN INTO COMBAT! ABOVE THE ROAR OF BATTLE CAN BE HEARD THE SHOUTS OF OUR MEN: "ONWARD! REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR! ONWARD! VICTORY FOR AMERICA!"



BROWN! BLAKE! TANK FOUR IS YOURS! HOP TO IT! C'MON! C'MON!

YES, SIR!

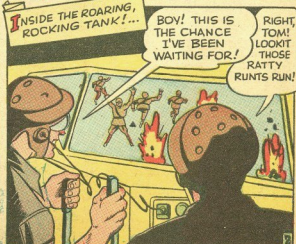
LET'S GO!



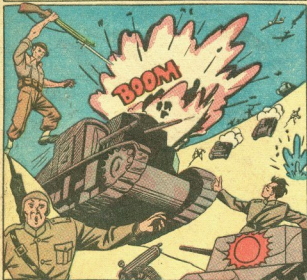
INSIDE THE ROARING, ROCKING TANK! ...

BOY! THIS IS THE CHANCE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

RIGHT, TOM! LOOKIT THOSE RATTY RUNTS RUN!

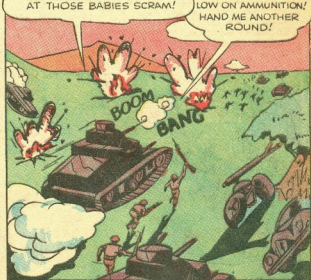


THE ENEMY FIGHTS STUBBORNLY, BUT POWERFUL UNITED STATES UNITS DRIVE THEM BACK!



THEY'RE RETREATING, TOM!
IT'S A ROUT! WOW! LOOK
AT THOSE BABIES SCRAM!

YEH! YAHOO! HEY!
BLAKE, I'M RUNNING
LOW ON AMMUNITION!
HAND ME ANOTHER
ROUND!



HERE T---
WHAT TH--?
A DAME!

H-H-H--
HELLO--
I'M SCARED!

A
WHAT?



A DAME!
A DAME!
A DAME!
A GIRL!

I BETTER
PULL OVER
AND PARK!

OH! THIS
SHOOTING
IS
TERRIBLE!



NEAR THE PROTECTIVE COVERING
OF A HUGE TREE...

WHAT'D YA
EXPECT
TO SEE? -- A
GIANT-DODGER
DOUBLE-HEADER?

NOW DON'T
GET FUNNY,
SOLDIER BOY!
I'M MARION
BENNET, OF THE
SAN FRANCISCO
HERALD!



OH, YEAH? TELL
IT TO THE MARINES!
HOW DO WE KNOW
YOU'RE NOT A SPY?

HERE'S MY PRESS
CARD! I STOWED
AWAY IN HERE
BEFORE THE BOAT
PULLED OUT OF
SAN FRANCISCO!

AND WHAT A
SCOOP I HAVE
NOW! I'LL
GET A BONUS
FOR THIS!

IF YOU GET
OUT ALIVE!
SHE'S RIGHT,
BLAKE!



©OUTSIDE, A GROUP OF JAPS
HAVE CAUGHT SIGHT OF
THE HALTED TANK.

SH-H-- ATTACK
BY SURPRISE! USE
GRENADES WHEN
YOU GET CLOSER!



HEY, TOM! JAPS!
THEY'RE COMIN'
TOWARD US!

QUICK! LOAD
THE GUNS!
WE'LL STOP
'EM!

OH!
I'M
SCARED!



THE TANK SPURTS FORWARD, ITS GUNS BLAZING! ...

RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!



AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF
THE COMMANDING OFFICER ...

RADIO THE TANKS TO
HALT AND CONSOLIDATE
THEIR GAINS WHILE
REINFORCEMENTS ARE
BROUGHT UP FROM
THE REAR!

YES, SIR!
WE SURE
HAVE THE
ENEMY ON
THE RUN,
HAVEN'T WE?



BACK WITH TOM BROWN AND
FRED BLAKE ...

NOW, MISS BENNET,
YOU AND I WILL PAY
A VISIT TO THE
COLONEL!

NOW, LOOK,
FELLAS!
YOU DON'T
WANT T'GET
ME IN TROUBLE,
DO YOU?

WE WANNA
KEEP YOU
OUT OF IT!



AT THE COLONEL'S
HEADQUARTERS ...

--AND YOU FOUND
HER IN THE TANK?
MOST IRREGULAR!
MOST IRREGULAR!

WHAT'LL WE
DO WITH
HER, SIR?



PLACE HER UNDER
GUARD, WHERE SHE'LL
BE SAFE! WE CAN'T
LET HER WANDER
AROUND!

OH, NO, YOU
DON'T! YOU--
YOU! I CAME
FOR A "SCOOP"
AND I'M GOING
TO GET IT!



BROWN! GO AFTER
HER! IT'S GETTING
DARK AND SHE MIGHT
GET LOST!

YES,
SIR!



DARKNESS BEGINS TO SET IN AS
TOM CONTINUES HIS SEARCH ...

MISS BENNET!
MISS BENNET?
WHERE ARE
YOU?

DARN THAT GAL!
WHY DIDN'T SHE
STAY AT HOME AND
KNIT FOR US!





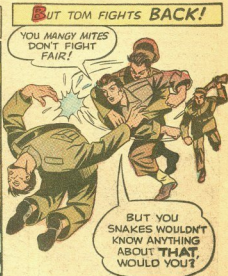
GOSH! --IT'S
PITCH DARK!
I DON'T KNOW
WHERE I'M GOIN'!



NO
KILL!
NO KILL!

WHAT?
HEY!
OW!

GRAB HIM!
HOLD HIM!



YOU MANGY MITES
DON'T FIGHT
FAIR!

BUT YOU
SNAKES WOULDN'T
KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT **THAT**,
WOULD YOU?



**DOWN, BUT
NOT OUT!**

YOU SURRENDER PEACE-
LIKE, OR GET BAYONET
THROUGH SELF!

お夫!

OKAY, "NIPPIE"
OKAY!



GET
IN!

QUIT SHOVIN',
--YOU!

HELLO,
BIG BOY!



NOW, LISTEN, MISS
BENNET! DON'T GET
FUNNY! ON ACCOUNT
OF YOU, WE'RE IN A
HECK OF A MESS!

OH, I'M
SORRY!
WE ARE IN
A TOUGH
SPOT, AREN'T
WE?



**JUST THEN --INTO
THE ROOM COMES---**

MAKE WAY FOR
GENERAL RAPAHUKU!
MAKE WAY!

GOOD EVENING,
AMERICANS! I'VE
A GOOD OFFER TO
MAKE! YOU WRITE
NOTE TO YOUR
COMMANDER,
PLEASE!

WRITE
A NOTE
ABOUT
WHAT?



WRITE NOTE TO
SAY HE MUST
SURRENDER,
OR WE KILL YOU
AND GIRL!



WHAT? HA-HA-HA-
HO-HO! WOW! DID
Y'HEAR THAT, MISS
BENNET? THIS GUY
IS FUNNY! HE'S
A RIOT!

YEAH!
HE SLAYS
ME --- I
HOPE
NOT!

LOOK! YOU SLAP-HAPPY JAP! WE TWO ARE AMERICANS! WHETHER WE LIVE OR DIE DOESN'T MATTER! OUR BOYS WILL FIGHT ON TILL YOU RUNTS ARE PUT WHERE YOU BELONG!



AS MARION BENNETT'S CRIES OF PAIN BEGIN TO FILL THE WARM, NIGHT AIR . . .

I'VE STOOD THIS LONG ENOUGH! IT'S TIME FOR THE TARGETEER TO GO INTO ACTION!

HELP! OH! HELP!



BUT THE TARGETEER IS SIGHTED! . . . JAPANESE GUARDS FIRE AT HIM!



LOOK! LOOK!

SHOOT! FIRE!

AGH! HE STILL LIVES!

BANG BANG BANG

TSK-TSK! THAT TOO BAD! GRAB GIRL! WHEN YOU CAN'T STAND CRIES FROM TORTURED LADY--MAYBE YOU WRITE THEN--YES!



IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE THAT GUN, I'D WIPE TOKYO UP WITH YOU, YOU NO GOOD RAT!

LET ME GO, YOU BARBARIAN!



STRING HER UP GOOD!

LET ME DOWN! LET ME DOWN!



HEY, GUARD! I'LL WRITE THE NOTE! TELL 'EM I'LL WRITE IT!



GOOD! OPEN DOOR!

THE DOOR IS OPENED!



YAI-H-H AGH!

NOW TO GET TO THAT FEMALE NEWSHOUND!



TOM SAILS INTO THEM! HIS FISTS LASH OUT LIKE WHIPS!



OOF!

YOU GUYS SHOULD READ THE COMICS AND FIND OUT ABOUT ME!

AI-I-I-I-- RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! HE'S A DEVIL!



FLEE! FLEE!

!!

TOM SEES MARION BENNET, HANGING BY HER WRISTS, IN THE DISTANCE!

GOOD LORD! SO THAT'S SOME OF THE WORK OF THE "NEW ORDER" IN ASIA!

WH-WH--
WHAT'S THAT?



BOY, OH BOY, OH BOY!
WAIT'LL I GET HOLD
O' YOU MUGS!

SHOOT HIM!
WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH
YOUR BULLETS?

BANG BANG
BANG BANG

I SHOOT!
BUT HE STILL
COMES!



IF YOU GUYS WON'T
CUT HER DOWN,
I WILL!

AGH-R-R!



AI-I-- IT BENDED
--MY BAYONET!



OUTTA MY
WAY, YOU
NIPPONESE
NAZI!

FLEE, GENERAL!
HE IS A
MADMAN!

YES!
QUICK!

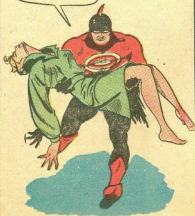


**THE
JAPS
HAVING
FLED
IN
TERROR,
TOM
CUTS
THE
GIRL
DOWN
FROM
THE
TREE!**

POOR KID!
SHE'S
UNCONSCIOUS!



NOW, TO GET MY
MARINE UNIFORM
ON AGAIN!



ON THE WAY BACK FOR HIS UNIFORM!

RUN! RUN!
HERE HE
COMES!

OUT OF
MY WAY!





NEXT MONTH ... THE TARGET TEAMS UP WITH GENERAL MACARTHUR! THERE'S ACTION IN...

TARGET COMICS!

SPECK

SPOT

and

SIS..

SPECK HAS ORGANIZED HIS GANG INTO A JUNIOR VICTORY UNIT. DAD AND UNCLE EDDIE FURNISHED THEM WITH TIN HATS, UNIFORMS, AIR GUNS, BAYONETS, ETC. THEY HAVE MADE THEIR BALL FIELD INTO A HEADQUARTERS AND THEY CALL IT **FORT VICTORY**.

THE DAY'S PROGRAM CALLS FOR THE VICTORY BOYS TO GATHER SCRAP IRON, PAPER, ETC., WHICH THEY SELL... WITH THE MONEY RECEIVED THEY PURCHASE **DEFENSE STAMPS**. THEY RUN ERRANDS FOR THE RED CROSS AND OTHER CIVIC ORGANIZATIONS...

DIDJA HEAR THAT?

SMACK!

NOW, LISTEN, YOU! YOU GIT IN THERE AN' JOIN THAT BUNCH OF SISSIES! THEY'VE GOTTA LOT OF SCRAP IRON. I WANT YOU TO GRAB SOME AN' SELL IT! BRING ME TH' MONEY!

BUT... WHAT'S THIS?

I AIN'T GONNA STEAL FOR HIM OR NOBODY ELSE!... **HUH?**

HI, DANNIE! --YEH! I HEARD HIM TELL YOU TO JOIN US ... WELL, WHATCHA GONNA DO ABOUT IT!

I WANT TO JOIN YOUR GANG! BUT NOT LIKE HE SAYS! ... BUT, IF I DON'T, HE'LL BEAT ME! HE'S MY GUARDIAN!

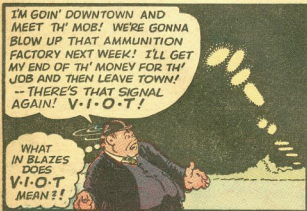
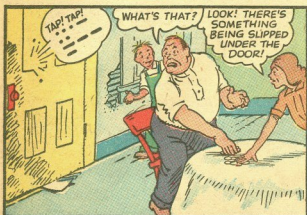
TO JOIN THE **V.I.O.T.**, ONE MUST BUY FIVE 10¢ DEFENSE STAMPS WITH MONEY WHICH HE'S EARNED, HIMSELF. ...I'VE A PLAN. HOW YOU CAN EARN THE MONEY! ... WE'LL STEEP YOUR GUARDIAN SO BUSY THAT HE WON'T HAVE TIME TO BEAT YOU AGAIN--EVER!

NOW, HERE'S HOW WE'LL WORK IT, DANNIE. YOU HELP GATHER SCRAP. WE'LL BUY IT OFF YOU AND YOU CAN TAKE TH' MONEY HOME AN' SOON ...

CHEE! ... DAT'S GREAT!

STEP ON TH' GAS, DOOFY!

CHEE! CAP'N SPECK IS A GREAT GUY! HE'S HELPIN' DAT POOR LIL ORPHAN BOY JUST LIKE HE DONE ME!



SPECK AND BOB HAVE TAILED THE BRUTAL GUARDIAN TO THE OLD ABANDONED HOUSE AND FROM THE ROCKS ABOVE WATCH AND WAIT!

SPECK, THAT LOOKS LIKE DIRTY WORK AT TH' CROSS ROADS TO ME ... DO YOU THINK HE'S...

A SPY AND SABOTEUR...? YES, I DO ... AND, IF WE CAN **PROVE** IT, OUR ORPHAN FRIEND WON'T HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLES!

AH-HAH! LOOK, THERE THEY COME OUT, NOW! SEVEN ORIENTALS ... AND DANNIE'S GUARDIAN! LET'S FOLLOW THEM! ... LOOK! THAT LEADER IS CARRYING A TOMMY GUN!

OH-OH!

NOW, PLEASE, YOU GO SPY OUT WHERE WE SHALL PLANT THE DYNAMITE ... WE'LL BLOW UP THE FACTORY NEXT WEEK! IF THEY SEE YOU, THEY WON'T SUSPECT YOU, AN **AMERICAN**!

"AMERICAN"? NERTZ!

SPECK AND BOB SPY ON THE SPIES!

COME ON, LIEUTENANT! LET'S GET BACK HOME AND REPORT THIS TO DAD AND UNCLE EDDIE! **THEY'LL** KNOW WHAT TO DO!

DAD! MA! UNCLE EDDIE! WHATTA YOU THINK!

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, AT THIS HOUR?

BAM!

SPECK! WHAT IS THE MATTER?

F'EVEN'S SAKE!

SALUTE! I TELL YOU, SALUTE!

IRK-IRK!

SPECK AND HIS PAL BOB TELL WHAT THEY'VE FOUND OUT ... AND HOW THEY'VE BEEN HAZING DANNIE'S GUARDIAN WITH **V.I.O.T.**!

NEXT DAY, AS THE VICTORY BOYS GO BACK TO WORK!

THOSE BOYS ARE DOING A GOOD JOB!

YES-- AND NOW IT'S UP TO US TO SET THE AUTHORITIES ON THAT ORPHAN BOY'S GUARDIAN!

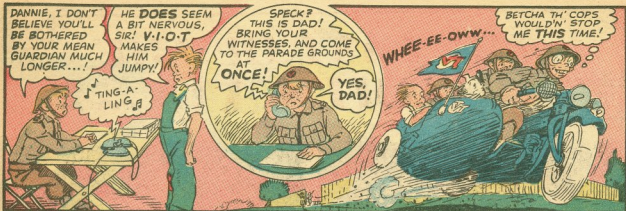
DANNIE, NOW A **V.I.O.T.** GIVES THE PASSWORD...

ADVANCE... **GIVE COUNTERSIGN!**

PSS-SST!

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU MAY PASS!

I'VE GOTTA ACT TOUGH ... 'CAUSE I'M A **V.I.O.T.**-- AND WE'RE TOUGH!



VICTORY IS OUR TARGET!

RIGHT YOU ARE, SPECK! ...AND, LIKE YOU, EVERY AMERICAN BOY OR GIRL CAN FORM THEIR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD VICTORY IS OUR TARGET CLUBS BY DOING TWO THINGS FOR UNCLE SAM: (1) COLLECTING ALL OLD SCRAP METAL AND PAPER SO THAT IT WILL REACH OUR DEFENSE INDUSTRIES. (2) WITH MONEY RECEIVED, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS!

By
J. Fenimore
COOPER

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

Retold in
Pictures by
HAROLD DELAY



SYNOPSIS: THE TWO DAUGHTERS OF COLONEL MONROE AND A PSALM-SINGER, DAVID GAMUT, ARE CAPTIVES OF THE HURONS. COLONEL MONROE, MAJOR DUNCAN HEYWARD, HAWK-EYE--THE SCOUT--AND TWO MOHICANS, FATHER AND SON, ARE ON THEIR TRAIL. DUNCAN DISCOVERS GAMUT IN THE FOREST, DRESSED AS AN INDIAN. DUNCAN, DISGUISED AS AN INDIAN, ACCOMPANIES DAVID TO THE INDIAN VILLAGE WHERE DAVID IS THOUGHT SACRED. HE IS RECEIVED PEACEABLY. UNCAS, THE YOUNG MOHICAN, IS BROUGHT IN A PRISONER, AND IS LED INTO THE COUNCIL LODGE TO BE JUDGED BY THE CHIEFS OF THE TRIBE.

PART
VIII

WITH DIGNITY, UNCAS STANDS IN
FRONT OF THOSE FIERCE FORMS...

OUR WISE ONES
WILL DECIDE
YOUR FATE!

I AM
READY
FOR
ANYTHING!

ONE OF THE CHIEFS CAME FORWARD
AND ADDRESSED UNCAS.

THOU OF A NATION OF WOMEN!
YOU HAVE PROVED YOURSELF
A MAN! GO, REST!

IN THE
MORNING
WE WILL
SPEAK!



A PRISONER OF THEIR OWN TRIBE WAS BROUGHT IN, AND FOUND GUILTY OF COWARDICE ... THE KNIFE WAS DRAWN!

YOU SHOULD BE GLAD TO DIE! YOUR NAME IS ALREADY FORGOTTEN!

THE KNIFE ENTERED HIS HEART... HE FELL HEAVILY ON HIS FACE! ... AN OLD SQUAW DASHED THE TORCH TO THE GROUND... ALL WAS DARKNESS---

THE CHIEFS GLIDED FROM THE LODGE LIKE TROUBLE SPIRITS...

AS DUNCAN WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE, A SHADOWY FIGURE GLIDED UP BESIDE HIM --- UNCAS!

COLONEL MONROE AND MY FATHER ARE SAFE... HAWK-EYE IS NOT ASLEEP... GO!

DUNCAN WANDERED AMONG THE LODGES LOOKING FOR SOME TRACE OF THE GIRLS...

IF I ONLY HAD SOME IDEA WHERE THEY KEEP THEIR PRISONERS!

DUNCAN RETURNED TO THE COUNCIL LODGE -- TO FIND THE CHIEFS RE-ASSEMBLED... UNCAS WAS STANDING ALONE.

I WONDER WHY HE DIDN'T ESCAPE WHEN HE HAD THE CHANCE?



A SINISTER FIGURE ENTERED THE LODGE!

MAGUA! --
OUR WORST
ENEMY!



MAGUA
RECOGNIZED UNCAS
AT ONCE!

AT LAST,
MOHICAN
I HAVE
YOU!



THIS MOHICAN
HAS THE SCALPS
OF MANY OF OUR
TRIBE! HE
MUST
DIE!



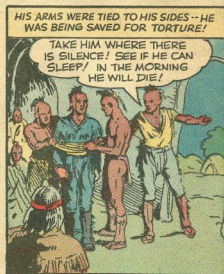
ONE OF THE CHIEFS LEAPED TO
HIS FEET WITH RAISED TOMAHAWK.

STAY! NOT
SO FAST!



A VERY
POOR
THROW!

UNCAS' FEATHER
WAS CUT IN TWO!



HIS ARMS WERE TIED TO HIS SIDES -- HE
WAS BEING SAVED FOR TORTURE!

TAKE HIM WHERE THERE
IS SILENCE! SEE IF HE CAN
SLEEP! IN THE MORNING
HE WILL DIE!



YOU STRANGER, CURE
THE SICK! STRANGERS
GOOD LUCK! SQUAW
VERY SICK!

I'LL GO WITH
YOU! IF I CAN
CURE, I WILL!



DUNCAN FOLLOWED THE INDIAN IN THE
DIRECTION OF A NEARBY HILL, WHEN ---

WHAT'S
THAT
NOISE?

IT'S THE
VOICE
OF A
BEAR!

GRR-RR-R!



THEY CAME TO A CAVE WHERE THE
SICK WOMAN LAY, SURROUNDED BY
SQUAWS --AND WITH THEM WAS
DAVID GARUT!





DAVID GAMUT COMMENCED
A HYMN WHICH MIGHT HAVE
WORKED A MIRACLE ---
BUT -----



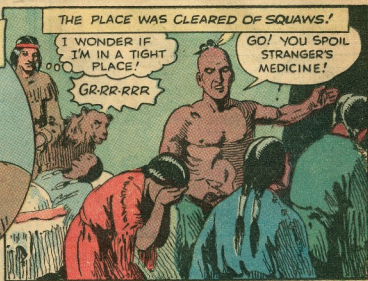
A HIDEOUS FORM
CONFRONTED HIM!

WHAT! I'M
GETTING OUT
OF HERE!



IN HIS DASH FOR
THE DOOR, HE
PAUSED BESIDE DUNCAN...

SHE EXPECTS
YOU, AND
IS VERY
NEAR!

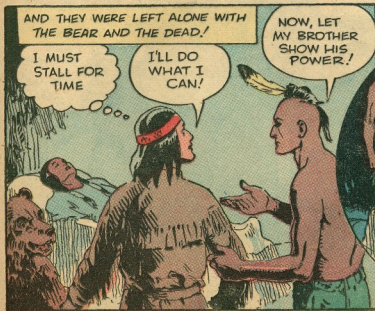


THE PLACE WAS CLEARED OF SQUAWS!

I WONDER IF
I'M IN A TIGHT
PLACE!

GR-RR-RRR

GO! YOU SPOIL
STRANGER'S
MEDICINE!



AND THEY WERE LEFT ALONE WITH
THE BEAR AND THE DEAD!

I MUST
STALL FOR
TIME

I'LL DO
WHAT I
CAN!

NOW, LET
MY BROTHER
SHOW HIS
POWER!



DUNCAN COMMENCED SOME
INDIAN INCANTATIONS---

THE BEAR INTERFERED!

LEAVE! I MUST
MAKE MY
MEDICINE
ALONE!

I WISH THIS
BEAR WOULD
GO, TOO!



THE BEAR CAME TOWARD DUNCAN! HE WAS HELPLESS!



SUDDENLY THE BEAR PUT ITS PAWS TO ITS HEAD!... THE HEAD CAME OFF!
...REVEALING THE SCOUT, HAWK-EYE!



THE COLONEL AND THE OLD MOHICAN ARE SAFE IN A BEAVER LODGE ...

I KNOW UNCAS HAS BEEN CAPTURED! I COULDN'T ABANDON SUCH A BOY TO THE HURONS ... AS I WAS COMING HERE TO HIS AID, I CAME TO A SPOT



"... WHERE A HURON MEDICINE-MAN WAS GETTING INTO HIS WORKING CLOTHES ...



"...A TAP ON HIS HEAD--AND HIS FINERY WAS MINE!..."

"...I STRUNG HIM UP BETWEEN TWO SAPLINGS, AND TOOK ON THE BEAR PART MYSELF!..."



WHAT HAPPENS NOW???
WHAT IS HAWKEYE'S WEIRD PLAN?
THIS THRILLING STORY
WILL BE CONTINUED IN
THE NEXT **TARGET!**

ADVENTURES IN STAMPS

By Eugene L. Pollock

HAVE YOU HEARD ...

—THAT Jean Nicolet, the French explorer who landed on the shore of the Great Lakes at what is now known as Green Bay, Wis., thought he had reached the eastern edge of the great continent of Asia? Dressed in a beautiful scarlet robe and a bejeweled hat, he landed on the beach to meet the Indians, whom he thought were Chinese. The savages had never seen a white man before, and when Nicolet shot off his pistols into the sky the noise and flame frightened the Indians into believing that he was a god.



Jean Nicolet Greets the Indians

★ ★ ★

—THAT it is said President Roosevelt is able to answer every question on world geography put to him? Mrs. Roosevelt says that he knows so much about the earth because of his stamp-collecting hobby. Even in these times the President finds a few minutes at night to rest his mind by looking at stamps.

★ ★ ★

—THAT reports smuggled out of Greece tell of the British bombardment of the Corinth Canal, known to every stamp collector? The four-mile strip of water which divides Greece is only seventy feet wide, and the R. A. F. dumped their "eggs," or bombs, on the steep sides of the canal. Thousands of tons of earth slid into the water, blocking it up and forcing the German and Italian ships to sail an extra two hundred miles.

★ ★ ★

—THAT the postage stamps of Egypt have been printed in six different languages? French, Turkish, English, Italian, Coptic and Hieroglyphics are all found on the designs of this old and famous land, so important during this war.

★ ★ ★

—THAT buying stamps on approval through the mail is the finest way to build up a stamp collection? However, it is absolutely essential that you make returns within ten days after receiving the stamps unless another arrangement with the stamp dealer is made.

AN APPROVAL APPLICANT is anyone sending for the stamps advertised on this page. This means that along with the advertised stamps you send for you will also receive a selection of other stamps from which you may buy any or all you prefer. You must send back the stamps (except those you receive from the ad), together with the money for those you buy, within 10 days after you receive them.

FIND STAMPS WORTH FORTUNES!

SIX BIG ITEMS! (1) "Queer Countries" Packet: Djibouti, Gwadeloupe, etc. (2) Packet scarce Russia, catalog price \$5.00. (3) Scarce Sea Packet: camel, antelope, kangaroo, etc. (4) Packet scarce Russia, catalog price \$5.00. (5) "Far East" Packet of 30 dif. stamps from Hong Kong, Siam, Philippines, etc. (cat. \$1.25). (6) Illustrated, 32-page booklet—tells where to look for, and sell, stamps worth up to \$10,000 apiece! **EVERYTHING FOR ONLY 50¢ TO APPROVAL APPLICANTS!**

WORLD-WIDE STAMP CO. Dept. 700-F CAMDEN, NEW YORK

RARE AFGHANISTAN

Everyone wants stamps from Afghanistan—the land, out of all countries to get stamps from! We'll send a large size, RARE unused AFGHANISTAN stamp showing the famous KARU MOSQUE, a very old classical, large size TASMANIA pictorial issue, unused ANDORRA Coat-of-Arms (World's Smallest Republic), a RARE imperforate unused old NINETEENTH CENTURY SAMOEA stamp, a rare 1901 50c; a large picturesque AFRICAN RAILROAD issue, NEW ZEALAND rare bird stamp, an old FIFTEENTH CENTURY UNITED STATES COMMEMORATIVE new king GEORGE stamps, 10 FRANK BELGIAN, Swiss scenes, China "George Washington" and 100 other fine different stamps for only 10¢ to approval applicants. FREE 1943 CITY PERFORATION RULE and MILLIMETRE MEASURE INCLUDED! ONLY ONE ORDER PER PERSON.

WM. PENN STAMP CO., P. O. BOX 303, PHILA., PA.

GREAT "4 FOR 5¢" OFFER!

(1) Big collection of 112 all different genuine stamps, from Africa, South America, South Sea Islands, etc. Includes Nicaragua, 1908 Centennial and animal stamps; many others. (2) 2 scarce unused UNITED STATES stamps, 1908 25c and 1909 25c. (3) U. S. \$4.00 and 50¢ high values. Total catalog price over \$4.00! Everything for only 5¢ to approval applicants! Big lists of other bargains free.

MYSTIC STAMP CO., Dept. 5-A, CAMDEN, N. Y.

55 DIFFERENT U.S. 5¢

Including AIRMAILS, PRESTIGE, POSTALS, high values, 1908 Century, COMMEMORATIVES, etc. Includes 55 different U.S. 5¢ stamps. FREE BIG LIST included.

W. C. BOOKMAN Box 148E Maplewood, N. J.

PONY EXPRESS SET

Few collections have ever been there rare U. S. 5¢ locals issued by Wells, Fargo & Co. in 1901. Since originals are practically unobtainable, we will send a free set of facsimile reproductions of the original stamps. Includes 4 in color (4 four cents) postage.

R. D. ROBERTS & CO., 512 Shearer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

111 ALL DIFFERENT STAMPS

FREE CATALOGUE of 111 different stamps, given to approval applicants sending 4¢ postage.

ZEPHYR 3437 N. Kolmar St., Chicago

SUPER-WONDER PACKET OFFERED

containing stamps from AFGHANISTAN (colored), NORTH BORNEO (buffalo), MANCHUKUO (manchurian), SARAWAK (tiger), GUADELOUPE (tiger), HONGKONG, COSTA RICA (grape), MARTINIQUE (view), BRUNEL (postage). This entire packet for only 5¢ to approval applicants. Big illustrated list free with each order.

Kent Stamp Co., G. P. O. Box 87 (32), Brooklyn, N. Y.

FREE!!! Austria War Stamps

During Austria's war with the Allies, the battle scenes, this World War cephants charity set has become quite scarce. While our supply lasts we will send approval applicants a set of these stamps and the interesting Finland Red Cross set. Send 4¢ (four cents) service charge.

L. D. WILLIAMS & CO., 712 Archer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

U. S. \$4 & \$5 STAMPS

included in our packet of 25 DIFFERENT UNITED STATES STAMPS given to new approval applicants sending 5¢ postage. Perforation Gauge and Millimeter Scale also included.

BROWNIE STAMP SHOP, DEPT. K, FLINT, MICHIGAN

FREE!!! WESTERN HEMISPHERE PACKET

A collection of stamps from our friendly neighbors and the democracies of the New World, including a facsimile reproduction of a rare and unusual 80-cent air-telegraph 55.00, to applicants for our approval selections featuring historically interesting stamps of the world. Send 4¢ (four cents) service charge.

OWENS STAMP CO., 912 Welsh Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

U. S. APPROVAL SERVICE

Drop us a card and we will send you by return mail a fine selection of commemorative, war, airmails and revenues. Write today.

HUBER STAMP CO. Dept. 28, 1227 Chilton Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

6 LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLES 5¢

COMPLETE SET To Approval Applicants Only L. W. BROWN Dept. "K" MARION, MICH.

EARN CASH! EARN STAMPS!

Boys and girls, sell my approvals, nickel packets and stamps in your friendly neighborhood and we will pay you to yourself. Bargains in stamps and profits for you.

MORTIMER ELLIS SS Rade St. Dept. K New York, N. Y.

81c VALUE FREE!

Scarcely one of four Russian stamps containing 81c, plus giant illustrated bargain lists, and absolutely free for the names and addresses of three friends who collect stamps.

FREDERICK B. FITZ COMPANY DEPT. 8, FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

Death in the Sea

BY SPILLANE

WATER FOAMED behind the steel encased glass eye that jutted out above the waves. The periscope turned slightly on its metal neck and stopped, for sliding into the cross-hairs of the sights below deck was the low shape of a heavily laden oil tanker. Commander Von Helsner slapped his thigh and muttered a guttural order to the young officer at his side.

Bells rang sharply, men jumped to firing stations. The short, squat commander stood with his eye glued to the eyepiece. His hand came up—then down! "Fire!" A stream of bubbles shot from the nose of the sub, the long line heading directly for the steamer. Above, at the last moment, the tanker lookout spotted it, yelled—but before the ship's course could be altered, death struck!

A savage burst of flames blasted from the middle of the tanker. Then—the whole vessel went up in a mass of smoke, debris, and fire, as the oil bunkers let go. In a matter of ten seconds, men died, killed without warning. Below, safely watching the awful scene, the U-boat commander chuckled evilly. He turned to the young officer. "The hunting is good, no?"

Hans Frier grinned his acknowledgment and nodded. "Ja! This trip has been a good one, all right. Seventeen ships, all told. Soon the waters will be empty!" Von Helsner went back to his periscope, scanned the sea, and gave the order to surface. Compressed air hissed into the tanks, blowing out the water. The blunt prow broke the surface, then the hull of the sub followed. While the decks were still awash, men scrambled from the con-

ning tower and leaned over the rail.

"Not a man in sight!" someone murmured. The sea was littered with driftwood, spars, and the remains of lifeboats. A life ring bobbed on the wave crests. Von Helsner pointed to it.

"Get it. See what ship it was." A boathook shot out and snared the ring.

"The Walker Lee, sir."

"Ah, good. I think that the Americans will stop trying to slip across these lone tankers now!" Suddenly a startled shout broke from the lips of a sailor.

"SCOUT PLANE! In the sun!" Frightened eyes looked up into the red ball of fire. It was a plane all right, by the looks of it, probably a giant Sunderland. There was a mad scramble to the conning tower. Men shot down the ladder, then the hatch slammed shut. Almost before the last man left the deck, the sub went into a crash dive. Quickly it sank into the cold ocean, but it was a moment too late. The Sunderland wheeled on a wingtip and headed for the dark blob under the surface.

Below, the men waited in breathless anxiety for the rending crash of depth bombs. They had no way of knowing whether or not the plane had seen them, and the suspense was nerve-racking. Above, two sleek bombs left the underside of the plane. Into the water with hardly a ripple, they sank many feet, then burst in a blast of flame.

For a moment the lights in the sub quivered, but remained on. "Deeper!" Von Helsner shouted, "Dive to the bottom!" Another crash shook the sub. This time

the lights went out. Immediately the auxiliary lamps came on. Men were quiet, waiting for the first sign of water seeping in through the shaken seams of the steel plates.

The sub hit bottom. It bounced once, then settled along the sandy floor. The motors cut off. Long minutes passed before a word was spoken. The commander smiled. "The fools have lost us. Now let us proceed. It is time to open the sealed orders from the high command. He produced an oilcloth packet and removed the contents. Carefully reading every line, he rang for "stations". Men hopped to their posts.

"This," he said, "is our greatest mission of the war. We go North to Greenland to intercept American troopships. Ah! I take much pleasure in this job!" At once, the motors throbbed, and the sub got under way. Alternately running on the surface and under the waves, she made good time.

Noon of the third day, a tramp steamer hove into view. It was a sloppy looking ship, not capable of carrying any heavy guns. "Hardly worth a torpedo! . . . Stand by to open fire with the deck guns!" Quickly, men jumped to their posts. The breech of the gun opened, a shell went in, and the gun fired! Direct hit, the first shot! The sailors threw their caps in the air with joy. Another shell fired, then another. A gun from the ship answered, but fell far short of the mark. One final shot blasted toward the tramp. It hit the superstructure and blew it clear of the ship!

Slowly, like a dying whale, the steamer turned over. Men scrambled over the hull like ants.

Then it went down, stern first. The sub made no attempt to rescue anyone, but deliberately avoided the frantic shouts of those that had cleared the sinking ship, and again headed Northward. These hardened veterans of undersea warfare cared little for human lives . . . as long as they weren't their own!

IT WAS EARLY morning of the sixth day that Von Helsner sighted another tramp, as shoddy as the other one they had sent down. Its paint was old and peeling, while the cabins seemed to be greatly in need of repair. Helsner eyed it for a moment, then spoke to his junior officer. "It is another one of those Yankee ships. Riding high, too. She must have emptied her cargo. Well, she'll never ship another one!"

Again the command was given to the gunners, and while the rest of the crew stood about on the deck to watch the slaughter, the gun was loaded. But the sub had been seen. The ship began to weave back and forth. "Fools," Helsner muttered, "They think that we'll waste a torpedo on their smelly old tub. Fire away!" A shell sped from the muzzle, and splashed in front of the tramp steamer. Almost at once, lifeboats went over the side, and men jumped from the deck into them.

Helsner laughed. "Yellow dogs, look at them run! When we get done with the ship we will sink them, too!" The sub moved in closer to the target. This time the gunner found his mark. A shot smashed high into the prow of the ship. In another moment the tramp was peppered with holes; the railings and superstructure were a maze of twisted metal.

The sailors looked at the tub quizzically. By now she should be sunk. Then Helsner laughed. "She must be carrying a load of cork. That's why she rides so

high and refuses to sink! Close in on her. This time we will end it!" Gradually the submarine pulled into point blank range. To starboard, the men who had left the doomed vessel pulled with all their might on the oars of the lifeboat. Von Helsner let them go. It would be only a matter of minutes to round them up . . . then the fun of shooting them down! When the sub was a scant five hundred yards off, the gunners took careful aim at the water line, then fired!

A hole was ripped into the rusted side just above the water line. Then it happened. There was a flash of activity on the deck of the apparently deserted steamer! A machine gun suddenly sang a song of death as it raked the deck of the sub. Sailors not within the protection of the gun or the conning tower crumpled to the deck, dead.

VON HELSNER was taken aback. He leaped behind the forward gun just in time to escape a withering hail of bullets. "Kill them, you dogs! Kill them!" he shouted. The men rammed home a shell. But before they could fire, a strange thing happened—on board the tramp. Part of the crumpled cabin began to slide back. A peculiar whine broke through the air, and a six inch gun came up on an elevator shaft from the very bowels of the ship!

It was a huge thing, gleaming dully in the light of the morning. Immediately the muzzle blossomed into a mushroom of yellow flame. The range was point-blank, still, but the tables were turned. The men on the sub gasped at the sight. Then the shot from the steamer smashed through the conning tower. To submerge again was hopeless, they *had* to fight back now!

The slamming of the two guns split the day wide open. A shot from the steamer threw the sub

broadside. A perfect target! But in this new position they could bring their stern gun into action. Von Helsner wasted no time. Quickly the men dashed to the other cannon. It spit fire at the ship, trying desperately to knock the other gun from the deck. Shrapnel whizzed through the air, while men dropped to the deck of both the sub and the steamer.

YET THEY KEPT up the steady fire! The sub was a mess. Gaping holes ran across the deck and water washed into them. Then the big rifle on the tramp steamer spat. Once again a shell hit the sub directly at the water line and ripped into its backbone. A tearing shudder went through the entire length of the dark hull, and it split in half! Men screamed as the boat went down beneath them. Those that weren't wounded enough to die quietly, shouted their lungs out as they were caught in the swirling vortex of the whirlpool. All of them went under. They died as they had sent others to their deaths, and would have sent the survivors of the tramp had the end been the other way around.

On the steamer, five men leaned on the hot gun. A doctor was rapidly administering to the wounded, and the rest gazed out to where the sub had been. Behind them, wildly cheering boatloads of men pulled toward their ship. Dan Cassidy grinned at the other gunner. "Well, that's that! Helsner and his boys got quite a reputation in these parts, but it won't make any difference where he's going! Golly. It sure was smart of the Brass Hats to Pull the first World War stunt of outfitting "Q" ships! I bet those babies got the surprise of their lives when Betsy here poked her snout over the gun'ale and gave them a little back talk!"

THE END

ALT. TUDE

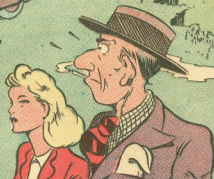
By ART GATES

HOW ABOUT IT, FOLKS? -- WANT TO GO OVER TO THE DEVIL'S SHELF TODAY?

NAW! -- WHY WOULD WE WANT TO GO UP THERE? ... WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO GO UP THERE?

THAT'S TH' TROUBLE! WHY **WOULD** ANYONE WANT TO GO TO THE DEVIL'S SHELF? OH, OH ... HERE COMES MR. PINCHER!

MAKE A TRIP TO THE DEVIL'S SHELF ... NEVER CLIMBED BY MAN! PRICE: \$200⁰⁰ Later \$200⁰⁰ \$200⁰⁰ Later ... 50¢ **ALT. TUDE** I CATER TO SPECIAL PARTIES



OH, WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO LEND YOU THE MONEY FOR THIS CRAZY SCHEME!

YES, SIR! YOU SURE WERE!

BUT I STILL HAVE THREE DAYS TO PAY BACK THE MONEY! ... AN', BESIDES, YOU HAVE YOUR INVESTMENT PROTECTED!

THAT'S RIGHT!

I HAVE A BIG INSURANCE POLICY ON YOUR LIFE --- AND IF YOU CAN'T PAY BACK THE FIVE THOUSAND IN THE NEXT THREE DAYS AHEM-- YOU KNOW YOUR DUTY!

YES!--I KNOW IT! I MUST MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR YOU TO COLLECT TH' INSURANCE BY GETTING IN AN ACCIDENT! ... A FATAL ONE!

EXACTLY!







MINUTES-LATER, AL AND HIS CUSTOMER TAKE OFF FOR THE TOP OF DEVIL'S SHELF!

THIS IS SURE A SWELL PLANE! IT GOES RIGHT STRAIGHT UP, EH?

YES, SIR! I BELIEVE IT'LL GO UP OR COME DOWN IN A SPACE NO BIGGER THAN AN ELEVATOR SHAFT!

THIS IS THE ONLY PLANE IN THE WORLD THAT'LL LAND ON THE DEVIL'S SHELF-- AND TAKE OFF FROM THERE!

SEE?

WONDERFUL!

KIND OF LONELY UP HERE, EH?... GREAT PLACE FOR SPOONING!... IF ANYONE'S INTERESTED!

OR FOR A MURDER! HEH-HEH! HOW DO THE GEARS WORK THAT MAKE THE PLANE GO UP AND DOWN?

OH, A CHILD COULD OPERATE THEM... COME HERE...GLAD TO SHOW YOU!

BUT-- PERHAPS AL WOULDN'T BE SO "GLAD" IF HE COULD HEAR A CONVERSATION TAKING PLACE AT THAT MOMENT, IN BOSTON!

GOOD HEAVENS!... THIS WAS OUR FIRST CONTRACT FOR GOVERNMENT PRINTING-- AND LOOK!

OH!...WHAT A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!...I COULDN'T HAVE MADE THAT ERROR! (GULP)... BUT I DID!

WANTED!
BENNY THE BUTCHER!



"PROFESSOR" DANDY LION... MASTER OF THE VIOLIN...

CONCERT
(INSERT LOCAL DATE!)
OF APPEARANCE!)

I PUT THE WRONG PHOTOGRAPHS ON THE POSTERS-- SHOULD BE JUST THE OPPOSITE! OH!... WE MUST NOTIFY THE POLICE!... DO YOU SUPPOSE IT'S ALREADY TOO LATE?

TCH! TCH!

AT THAT INSTANT, BACK ON THE DEVIL'S SHELF!

BOY!... THIS WOULD BE A SWELL HIDEOUT FOR A CROOK... WOULDN'T IT? IF HE HAD THIS PLANE TO GET AROUND IN!

YES!... IF HE KNEW HOW TO FLY IT-- BUT YOU AND I ARE THE ONLY PEOPLE ALIVE WHO CAN DO THAT!

AREN'T WE?

OF COURSE!

AT THAT MOMENT --- AN
AIRLINER SWEEPS ACROSS
THE SKY ---

☛ ☉!! ONE OF THESE MAIL
SACKS BROKE OPEN! SAY, MACK!
LOOK AT THESE F.B.I. POSTERS!

HEY! IT'S **HIS** PICTURE!
--THE LITTLE GUY IN SEAT
SEVEN, WHO INSISTED ON
WEARING A PARACHUTE!
LET'S GET HIM!

PUT UP YOUR
HANDS, BENNY!
THE BUTCHER!
--OR WE'LL
KILL YOU!

HO-HO! THIS
MUST BE A
PUBLICITY
STUNT. MY
MANAGER
ARRANGED!
--I'LL DO
MY PART!

OMIGOSH! HE'S
TRYING TO GET
AWAY! HE'S
OPENING THE
PORT---

STOP
HIM!

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

LOOK! --IT'S GETTING
CROWDED
UP HERE!

OH-OH! I
KNOW WHO HE
IS--I'VE SEEN
HIS PICTURE!

CRIME
DOESN'T
PAY!

HEY! WHAT ARE
YOU WHACKING
HIM FOR?

YOU MEAN YOU
DON'T KNOW WHO
HE IS? -- I'M
GOING TO GET
FIVE THOUSAND
DOLLARS
FOR HIM!

HO!--SO THIS PLANE
BUSINESS IS JUST A
SMART FRONT FOR
HIS **REAL** RACKET!
KIDNAPPING!
HMM! PRETTY
CLEVER!

WELL, LOOK!--
THERE'S ENOUGH
COIN FOR BOTH
OF US!-- I'LL
HELP YOU IN
THIS --- HOW
ABOUT IT?

FINE!
LET'S LOAD
HIM IN THE
PLANE!
I KNOW
WHERE I
CAN PICK UP
THE DOUGH
FAST!



BULL'S-EYE BILL

LOOK THERE,
BEEL!
LLAMAS!

BLESS MY
SOUL! WHAT A
CRITTER! LOOKS
LIKE A CROSS
BETWEEN A
GOAT AN'
A CAMEL!

JOHN
DALY

BILL AND HIS PAL PANCHO ARE
ONCE MORE ON THE TRAIL OF ADVENTURE
ON THEIR LONG HORSEBACK JOURNEY
TO PANCHO'S HOME IN ARGENTINA...
WE FIND THEM NOW IN THE
HEART OF THE PERUVIAN ANDES...

DO YUH
RECKON A
FELLER COULD
RIDE ONE OF
THOSE "YAMAS,"
PANCHO?

WELL, IT'S
BEEN DONE,
BEEL, BUT THEY
ARE BETTER AS
PACK-ANIMALS.

FILLED WITH
CURIOSITY,
THE BOYS
DISMOUNT
AND MAKE
A TRY AT
CAPTURING
A LLAMA...

WE'LL GET TO
WINDWARD OF 'EM,
PANCHO. I'LL MAKE
A TRY WITH MY ROPE.
IF I MISS, TRY
YOUR BOLA!

SI, SEÑOR
BEEL!

A LIGHTNING CAST
OF THE ROPE AND---

GOOD THROW,
BEEL! WE HAVE
HEEM!



BILL THROWS A FEW "DALLIES,"
SECURING THE LLAMA'S LEGS!

GOTCHA HOG-TIED NOW,
GERTIE, SAME AS
ANY BRONC!



WHAT WE
DO NOW,
BEEL?

WE'LL GET
'ER ONTO HER
FEET, PANCHO!
I'LL GIT ABOARD
'ER--AN' YOU
TAKE OFF
THE
HOBBLES!

NOTHING THAT WEARS HAIR
HAS EVER THROWN BILL!

READY,
BEEL?

LET
'ER
BUCK!



SHUCKS,
PANCHO!
THIS IS A
CINCH!

BUT

LOOK OUT,
BEEL!
THE CLIFF!
THE CLIFF!

GIT OVER THERE,
YE FOUR LEGGED
MATTRESS!



TOO LATE PANCHE
THROWS THE BOLA!

BUEN PRINCIPIO!

AI! AI!
HE EES
GONE!



PANCHE RUSHES TO
THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF!



STRANGE! NOT
A TRACE OF THEM!
WHERE ARE
THE
BODIES?



THE GAUCHO RUSHES
BACK TO THE HORSES.



I MUST
GET MY LONG
ROPE AND LOWER
MYSELF DOWN
TO LOOK FOR
BEEL!
QUE DIAS!

AT THAT MOMENT, THE MOUNTAIN,
REALLY A VOLCANO, STARTS TO
ERUPT! THE EARTH SHAKES!



HOT ROCKS AND LAVA COME
TUMBLING ABOUT PANCHE!

IT IS THE
END! I CAN
DO NO
MORE!



AS THE VOLCANO CONTINUES TO RUMBLE, PANCHO HAS TO ABANDON HIS SEARCH FOR BILL!

THE PACKS! THE HORSES!
THEY'LL STAMPEDE!
I MUST SAVE
THEM!



PANCHO ARRIVES JUST IN TIME
TO PREVENT A STAMPEDE!

STEADY,
MY
BEAUTIES!



PANCHO'S BRILLIANT HORSEMANSHIP
PACIFIES THE HORSES, AND HE LEADS
THEM TO THE SHELTER OF AN
OVERHANGING ROCK...

HERE AT LEAST
WE MIGHT HOPE
TO BE SAFE...
BUT WHO CAN
TELL?



BUT WHAT DID HAPPEN
TO BILL? WELL---

AFTER THE LLAMA
BUCKED OVER
THE CLIFF,
THEY LANDED
ON A
LEDGE...

HOWEVER...

OOF!

!



STUNNED BY THE FALL, BILL
AND HIS MOUNT ARE PULLED
INSIDE THE CAVE!

PULL THEM IN,
QUICKLY!
WE CAN USE
THEM BOTH!



THE STRANGERS LOSE NO
TIME IN SECURING BILL ---

ACH! -- AN
AMERIKANER
PEEG! TIE HIM
UP, QUICKLY!



IMMEDIATELY THE VOLCANO
BEGINS TO ERUPT!

HIMMEL!
RUN! THE
PLACE IS
CAVING IN!



BILL'S CAPTORS DISAPPEAR DEEP INTO THE CAVE, LEAVING HIM TO HIS FATE!



GRADUALLY THE HORROR SUBSIDES ---



LED DEEPER INTO THE CAVE, BILL FINDS A NARROW CREVICE, OPENED BY THE EARTHQUAKE!



FRESH AIR AND SUNSHINE UP THERE, BUT IT'S AWFUL STEEP!

WITH THE AID OF THE SURE-FOOTED LLAMA, BILL STARTS TO CLIMB.



HALF-WAY UP, THEY PAUSE FOR BREATH.



QUEER LOOKIN' ROCK HERE! ---
GOLLY!
I KNOW WHAT THAT IS, TOO!
WHAT LUCK!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, AT THE TOP OF THE CREVICE, IS PANCHO -- DESPONDENT ---



AIEE-EE!
POOR BILL!
HE'S DEAD!

SUDDENLY...



DIABLO!

HI, PANCHO!
DON'T WORRY! I'M
NO GHOST! -- I MEAN,
WE'RE NOT GHOSTS!



BEEL!
EES EET
REALLY
YOU?

YES SIREE, PANCHO,
IN THE FLESH! AN'
IF THIS STUFF THAT
I FOUND IS WHAT I
THINK IT IS, WE'VE
GOT SOMETHIN' BETTER
THAN GOLD! LET'S GET
TO THE AMERICAN
CONSUL AT LIMA!



THERE Y'ARE, PANCHO!
I'VE STAKED A CLAIM
JEST LIKE THE
PROSPECTORS
DO!



TWO DAYS LATER -- AT THE U.S.
CONSULATE IN LIMA ...



CONGRATULATIONS!
MY BOY, YOU HAVE
DISCOVERED A FORTUNE
IN **TIN!**

MY FORTUNE IS
UNCLE SAM'S,
THEN! I FILED
THAT CLAIM FOR
THE **U.S.A.**

**KEEP 'EM
FLYING,
FELLOWS!**



Next Month...

BULL'S-EYE BILL AND
HIS PAL, PANCHO,
ARRIVE IN
ARGENTINA!

... FOR ANOTHER
EXCITING ADVENTURE

IN **TARGET** COMICS!

PETE STOCKBRIDGE- *alias* "THE Chameleon"

MASTER OF DISGUISE!

SPIES!
SNAKES! AND
'GATORS!

A TRIPLE THREAT TO THE
CHAMELEON AND HIS PAL,
RAGSY, WHEN THEY INVADE
THE TERROR-INFESTED SWAMPS
OF THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES
TO SMOKE OUT THE ENEMY!
... WE FIND THEM IN THE
POST OFFICE, FINISHING
THEIR BUSINESS BEFORE
LEAVING ON A BOAT TRIP...

HELP
THE
RED CROSS

STICK AROUND,
RAGSY, I'M GOING
TO MAIL THESE
LETTERS!

OKAY!
I'LL BE OVER
HERE!

WANTED

WANTED

ESPIONAGE

WOWIE!
WOULD I LIKE
TO GET MY MITTS
ON SOME OF THOSE
RATS!

WELL, WE'RE ALL SET!
NOW FOR A LITTLE FUN
ON THE HIGH SEAS!

HOT DOG!

POST OFFICE

QUICKLY, THE TWO MAKE THEIR WAY TO WHERE THEIR
BOAT IS MOORED.

THIS IS GONNA
BE FUN! WHERE'LL
WE SAIL TO?

WHEREVER THE
TIDE TAKES US, I
WONDER IF OUR RADIO
OPERATOR IS
ABOARD YET!

THEN.... RAGSY STOPS SHORT!

PETE! THAT MAN ON THAT
SPEED BOAT! HE'S A SPY!
...SAW HIS PICTURE IN
THE POST OFFICE!

WHAT! YOU
SURE? COME
ON!!!

DESPERATELY THEY TEAR
FOR THE ESCAPING BOAT, BUT—

IT'S NO USE...
THEY'RE GETTING
AWAY!

DOGGONE'IT!
WHAT A STORY
THAT WOULD
HAVE MADE!

THEY BOARD THEIR BOAT
AND GET READY FOR THE
TRIP.

CAST OFF
THOSE LINES
THERE! SNAP IT UP!

HERE WE GO!
FULL SPEED AHEAD!

ANCHORS AWEIGH!

SUDDENLY, A FEW HOURS OUT....

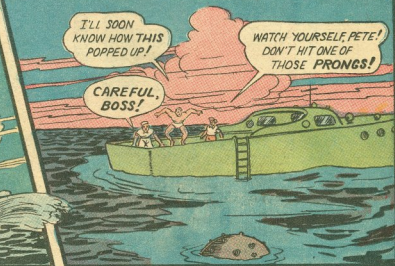
PETE! PETE!!
A FLOATING MINE
DEAD AHEAD!

HOLY SMOKE!
HARD APORT!
FAST!

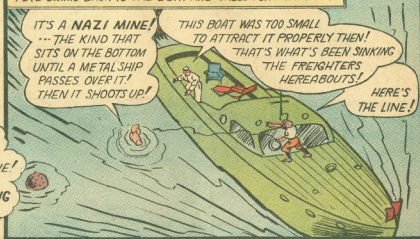
IN THE NICK OF TIME, THE BOAT
DODGES THE FLOATING PERIL!



DETERMINED TO INVESTIGATE THE MINE, PETE DONS TRUNKS AND DIVES.



PETE SWIMS BACK TO THE BOAT AND CALLS FOR A ROPE....



QUICKLY, PETE LASHES THE
ROPE TO THE MINE.....



....THEN CLAMBERS ABOARD!



PETE AND RAGSY GO OVER THE SIDE IN THE DINGHY-- BUT AS THEY APPROACH THE PERISCOPE, THE SUB STARTS TO THE SURFACE! PETE HAD INTENDED TO TIE A RAG AROUND THE PERISCOPE!

HOLY COW! SHE'S COMING UP! TOO LATE!

GOOD IDEA!

QUICK, RAGSY! MAYBE WE CAN GET ON BOARD AND NAIL THEM AS THEY COME OUT!



I'LL TIE UP TO THE RAIL! HURRY!

GOTCHA, PAL!



QUICKLY PETE CLIMBS THE CONNING TOWER.

I'LL GRAB THE FIRST ONE THAT COMES OUT!

YOU'D BETTER NOT MISS OR WE'RE SUNK!



AS PETE CROUCHES TO SPRING, THE CONNING TOWER HATCH OPENS....

HERE IT COMES!



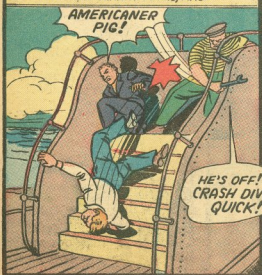
...AND PETE JUMPS!

DIRTY NAZI! THIS'LL FIX YOU!



BUT ANOTHER MAN APPEARS, AND....

AMERICANER PIC!



DOWN GOES THE SUB, AND THE WATER CLOSES IN AROUND THE HELPLESS FORM OF PETE!

PETE! PETE! GET UP, PETE!



SWIMMING DESPERATELY, RAGSY REACHES PETE AND HOLDS HIM UP. THEN....

HELP! HURRY UP!
I CAN'T HOLD OUT
MUCH LONGER!

DON'T GIVE UP!
WE'LL BE
RIGHT THERE!

CIRCLING SWIFTLY, THE BOATMEN SNATCH
THE PAIR FROM DEATH!

PHIEW!

YOU'RE OKAY
NOW!

THAT WAS TOO MUCH!
I'M SHAKING
ALL OVER!

W-WHAT
HAPPENED?

WELL,
I'LL
BE--!

GOOD NIGHT SHIRT! LOOK!
THE SUB'S TOWING THE
DINGHY ALL OVER! HEAD
FOR IT. I'VE AN IDEA, RAGSY!

I GOT IT
ALREADY!
GOOD IDEA!

HA-HA!
LOOK AT
IT!

RACING TO THE STERN, PETE GRABS A HEAVY
ANCHOR, AND TIES IT TO THE MINE.

THIS'LL SINK IT ALL
RIGHT! WE'LL TOW IT
ACROSS THE SUB'S
PATH AND TRY TO TAG
IT WITH THIS TOY!

HOLY MACKEREL!
WE'LL BLOW IT TO
KINGDOM COME!

WITH THE DEADLY MINE IN
TOW, THEY WEAVE BACK
AND FORTH ON THE TRAIL
OF THE SUB!

I HOPE
WE DON'T
GET IT
TOO!

IT WON'T BE
LONG NOW!

WE'RE CROSSING
AGAIN SO GET
READY!

SUDDENLY, THE MINE HITS!

WE'VE GOT
'EM!

WHAT A
SPOUT!

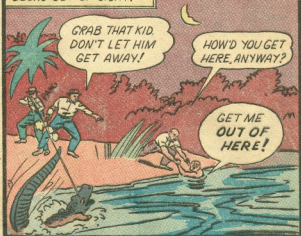
BOOM!



AS THEY NEAR THE OTHER SIDE



MEN POUR OUT OF THE THICKET! QUICKLY, PETE
DUCKS OUT OF SIGHT!



FIGHTING AND SQUIRMING IN THE ARMS OF HIS
CAPTORS, RAGSY IS DRAGGED FROM THE WATER...
PETE IS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN!



RAGSY IS HAULED IN FRONT OF THE CHIEF!



INSIDE...



JUST THEN...



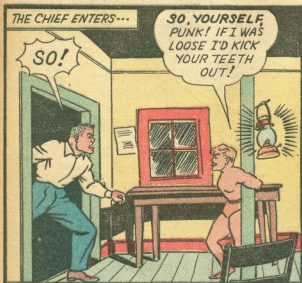
BUT... AS THE CHIEF GOES OUT
THE DOOR....



BUT...
IN A FEW
MINUTES, HE
REAPPEARS,
AND STRIDES
TO THE
DOCKS, WHERE
MEN WORK
FEVERISHLY
LOADING BOXES
ON THE SUBS!



THE CHIEF ENTERS---



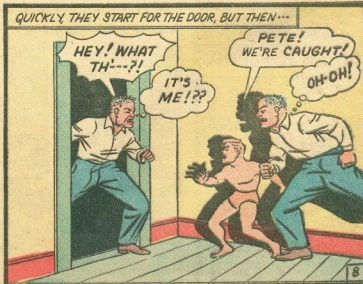
RAGSY IS MAD! AS THE CHIEF COMES NEAR HIM---

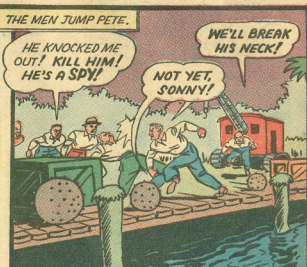


PETE! HOLY COW!
WHAT'S GOING ON
AROUND HERE
ANYWAY?



QUICKLY, THEY START FOR THE DOOR, BUT THEN---





HOWEVER, PETE IS FAR FROM DEAD!

RAGSY!
IT'S ME!
RUN FOR THE
BOAT I'LL SET
OFF THE
MINE!

PETE! RIGHT!
I'LL BEAT IT...
WATCH YOUR-
SELF!

PETE SCRAMBLES OUT— AND
RAGSY RUNS FOR IT!

NOW I'LL KILL A
FLOCK OF BIRDS
WITH ONE STONE
... IF I CAN FIND
ONE!

HIS SEARCH PROVES TO BE
SUCCESSFUL!

MY AIM HAD
BETTER BE
GOOD ON THIS!

HERE
GOES!

PETE FLATTENS HIMSELF BEHIND ONE OF THE PILES—
THE ROCK HITS HOME ON THE MINE'S PRONGS, AND....

BOOM!

IMMEDIATELY—THE INDIANS
TURN ON THEIR TORMENTING
CAPTORS!

WHITE
MEN
DEVILS!

HELP!

KILL!

CUTTING THROUGH THE JUNGLE,
PETE FOLLOWS RAGSY BACK TO
THE BOAT.

WHAT HAPPENED
BACK THERE,
PETE!

THE INDIANS WIPED OUT
THE WHOLE BUNCH...
INCLUDING THE CHIEF!
NOW, LET'S GET GOING!
WE GOTTA MAKE THE
LATE EDITION!
WHAT A YARN!

EXTRA!
EXTRA!

.....YOU BET!

THERE'S ALWAYS
SOMETHING **EXTRA**
IN THE WAY
OF EXCITEMENT
WHEN THE

Chameleon

GOES TO WORK
IN
TARGET CONICS!

SPACEHAWK

AND THE
MYSTERY
OF THE
GREEN
FACES



EXTRA
ONE CENT NO MORE

DAILY

GREEN PLAGUE
Hundreds

More Fall Victims To Mysterious Malady

Doctors and Scientists Baffled
by Startling Pro-Axis State
of Mind Accompanying
Discoloration of Skin
over the country like a
going, the strange "Green Plague"
today was reported
while and latest of

Officers Among Stricken



All Section
Of North
America
Report
increas
pecul

Washin
while
plans
witho
Mer
Na
pa
n

by
**BASIL
WOLVERTON**

AT WASHINGTON, D.C.

WE MUST DO SOMETHING TO
HALT THIS HORRIBLE GREEN
PLAGUE! ALREADY AN
ALARMING NUMBER OF OUR
GOVERNMENT LEADERS AND
ARMY AND NAVY HEADS ARE
VICTIMS! EVERY ONE OF
THEM HAS TURNED AGAINST
THE ALLIED CAUSE!

IT'S UNCANNY!
UNLESS WE CAN STOP
THIS THING AT ONCE,
EVERY PERSON IN
AMERICA WILL BE IN
SYMPATHY WITH OUR
ENEMIES! THAT WILL
BE THE END OF THE
UNITED STATES!



WHY DON'T WE
CALL IN
SPACEHAWK?

SPACEHAWK? HMM!
WHAT DOES HE KNOW
ABOUT RARE DISEASES?

LET'S CALL HIM.
ANYWAY, WHAT'S
THERE TO LOSE?



LATER

WE HOPE YOU CAN HELP US DISCOVER THE SOURCE OF THIS PUZZLING MALADY, SPACEHAWK! WE MUST SOMEHOW HALT ITS EFFECT ON OUR PEOPLE, OR THE AXIS WILL DEFEAT US WITHIN A FEW WEEKS!

I'LL NOT STOP UNTIL I FIND WHAT CAUSES IT, SENATOR!

I—I FEEL A LITTLE WEAK ALL OF A SUDDEN! BEEN WORKING OVERTIME TOO MUCH, I GUESS!

THE SENATOR STAGGERS. HIS FACIAL MUSCLES TWITCH VIOLENTLY, AND THEN..... HIS SKIN TURNS A LIVID GREEN!

GREAT GALAXIES! HE HAS THE GREEN PLAGUE!

MY HANDS! THEY'RE GREEN!

THERE, NOW! TAKE IT EASY! BETTER SIT DOWN!

NO! THERE ARE THINGS TO BE DONE! LISTEN, SPACEHAWK! WE'VE BEEN WRONG! WE MUST STOP WORKING AGAINST THE AXIS POWERS AND START WORKING WITH THEM! THEIR CAUSE IS RIGHT!

LET'S NOT TALK NOW! COME, I'LL TAKE YOU TO A HOSPITAL!

A HOSPITAL! I'M NOT SICK, YOU FOOL! I'M JUST BEGINNING TO SEE THE TRUTH! IF YOU DON'T AGREE WITH ME, THEN YOU ARE MY ENEMY! GET OUT BEFORE I KILL YOU!

THE SENATOR LEAPS FIENDISHLY AT SPACEHAWK, BUT.....

SORRY TO HAVE TO DO THIS!

SMACK!

THAT EVENING, AS SPACEHAWK WORKS IN HIS LABORATORY, HE RECEIVES A CALLER.....

I AM DR. HERMAN KRAUSMANN! I UNDERSTAND THE GOVERNMENT HAS WISELY ASKED YOU TO HELP SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE GREEN PLAGUE! I HAVE COME TO OFFER MY SERVICES TO YOU! YOU WILL ACCEPT THEM?

GLADLY, DOCTOR!
I'M HONORED TO
COLLABORATE
WITH SUCH A
FAMOUS
SCIENTIST!
HAVE YOU
ANY
THEORIES?

I HAVE! I CAN'T
SAY WHAT MAY
CAUSE THE VICTIMS'
SKINS TO TURN GREEN,
BUT I BELIEVE THAT
THE SUDDEN PRO-AXIS
STATE OF MIND IS BROUGHT
ON BY A RELATIVELY
SIMPLE CONDITION.



SEVERAL YEARS AGO I
CONDUCTED A SERIES OF
PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTS.
I FOUND THAT THE
MIND, LIKE THE BODY,
OFTEN REACTS IN A
VIOLENT REVERSE
MANNER TO CERTAIN
STIMULI!



IN THIS CASE, THE STIMULUS
IS THE WAVE OF PATRIOTIC
FEVOR NOW ENVELOPING
AMERICA. IN AN EFFORT
TO COUNTERBALANCE THE
EFFECTS OF THIS FLOOD
OF EMOTION, MANY
SENSITIVE MINDS TIP THE
OTHER WAY! THE UNHAPPY
RESULT IS THAT THE
VICTIMS' ATTITUDE IS
INVOLUNTARILY REVERSED,
AND HATRED
FOR OUR
ENEMIES IS
TURNED TO
SYMPATHY!
I BELIEVE
THAT IS
WHAT IS
HAPPENING
TODAY
IN AMERICA!



WITH THESE
IDEAS IN
MIND, I
SUGGEST
WE START
AT ONCE
TO FIND
A WAY TO
OFFSET
THE —

NOT SO FAST,
DOCTOR! I'M
AFRAID I DON'T
AGREE WITH YOU!
I THINK I'VE
ALREADY DISCOVERED,
AT LEAST IN PART,
WHAT CAUSES THE
GREEN PLAGUE!



YOU HAVE? THEN
WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

I'M CERTAIN IT'S A
CASE OF HYPNOSIS
BY RADIO!



OH, COME NOW, SPACEHAWK!
THAT'S A BIT TOO
FAR-FETCHED!

PERHAPS. BUT
WITH THE AID OF
MY SUPER-SENSITIVE
SHORT WAVE RECEIVER,
I'VE PICKED UP THE SOUND
OF AN EXTREMELY HIGH
FREQUENCY CARRIER WAVE!



NO SOUNDS ARE BEING
BROADCAST ON THAT WAVE!
ISN'T IT POSSIBLE, THEN, THAT
THOUGHT SUGGESTIONS ARE
BEING SENT OUT OVER IT,
INSTEAD? PEOPLE WHOSE
MINDS ARE NATURALLY ATTUNED
TO THAT CERTAIN FREQUENCY
COULD BE RECEPTIVE TO
TELEPATHIC MESSAGES!

RATHER FANTASTIC,
IN MY OPINION!



NEVERTHELESS, I'M GOING
TO TRACK DOWN THE
SOURCE OF THAT CARRIER
WAVE — RIGHT NOW! WOULD
YOU CARE TO ACCOMPANY ME?

WHY — AH — CERTAINLY!
BUT HADN'T WE BETTER
WAIT UNTIL MORNING
TO GO ON THIS WILD
GOOSE CHASE?



NO! EVERY HOUR WE
LOSE MEANS MORE
HEADWAY FOR THE
GREEN PLAGUE! WE
MUST GO NOW!

ALL RIGHT,
SPACEHAWK, BUT I
THINK YOU'RE ON
THE WRONG TRACK!



THE TWO TAKE OFF
IN SPACEHAWK'S PLANE....



WE'LL HEAD IN THE DIRECTION
INDICATED BY THE
TRANSMITTER DETECTOR!
BETTER SLIP ON THIS SET OF
ANTI-GRAVITY STRAPS, DOCTOR!
IT'LL LOWER YOU ABOUT AS
FAST AS WILL A PARACHUTE—
JUST IN CASE OF EMERGENCY!



BY DAYBREAK

WE'RE SOMEWHERE
OVER CENTRAL MEXICO,
AND THE DETECTOR
SHOWS WE'RE CLOSE
TO OUR GOAL!



SURELY YOU
DON'T
EXPECT TO
FIND A
BROADCASTING
STATION OUT
IN THIS
WILDERNESS!

OUR ENEMIES
WILL GO TO
ANY EXTREMES,
DOCTOR!



THAT HUGE ROCK PILLAR OVER
THERE TO THE EAST, FOR EXAMPLE,
WOULD BE AN IDEAL SPOT FOR
A TRANSMITTER AERIAL!



DR. KRAUSMANN
STEALTHILY FLICKS
THE SWITCH ON THE
SHIP'S TRANSMITTER,
AND WHISPERS INTO
THE MICROPHONE!



SPACEHAWK'S KEEN
EARS CATCH THE
SOUND OF THE
DOCTOR'S VOICE.....

CONSIDERATE OF YOU
TO SEND A MESSAGE TO
YOUR FRIENDS TO ANNOUNCE
OUR ARRIVAL!



DR. KRAUSMANN WHIPS OUT A GUN!

YOU FINALLY
CAUGHT ON,
EH? WELL, IT'S
TOO LATE
NOW! THEY
KNOW YOU'RE
COMING, AND
THEY'LL BE
READY FOR
YOU!

I COULD SEE THRU
YOU FROM THE FIRST,
YOU RAT! YOUR
EFFORTS TO SIDE-
TRACK ME WITH
YOUR SILLY THEORY
WERE TOO OBVIOUS!
DROP THAT GUN BEFORE
I SMACK YOU!



WITH SURPRISING
SPEED DR. KRAUSMANN
LEAPS BACK THRU THE
DOOR TO THE CONTROL
CABIN, AND SLAMS IT
IN SPACEHAWK'S FACE!



DR. KRAUSMANN OPENS THE OUTER DOOR AND LEAPS FROM THE SHIP!

HE BAILED OUT! I SHOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN HIM THAT ANTI-GRAVITY STRAP! WELL, HE CAN'T GO FAR IN THIS DESERT!

KRAUSMANN LANDS AND RUNS TO THE ROCK TOWER....

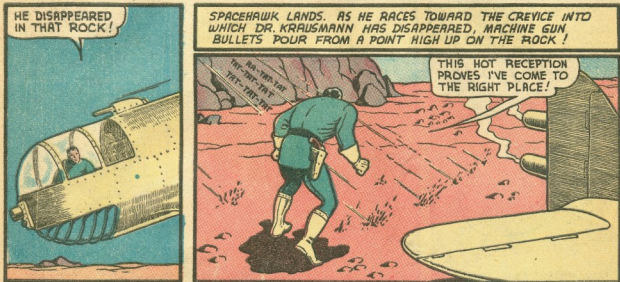
HE'S COMING DOWN AFTER ME, BUT I'LL FOOL HIM!



HE DISAPPEARED IN THAT ROCK!

SPACEHAWK LANDS. AS HE RACES TOWARD THE CREVICE INTO WHICH DR. KRAUSMANN HAS DISAPPEARED, MACHINE GUN BULLETS POUR FROM A POINT HIGH UP ON THE ROCK!

THIS HOT RECEPTION PROVES I'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE!



HE BOUNDS TO THE CREVICE, AND....

I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE, KRAUSMANN! I'M COMING IN AFTER YOU! BETTER HAVE YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!

COME AHEAD, YOU SAP, AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



DR. KRAUSMANN FIRES AS SPACEHAWK COMES INTO VIEW, — BUT HE IS TOO SLOW ON THE TRIGGER! SPACEHAWK DODGES, AND HIS FLAME GUN SPITS SUDDEN DEATH!

YOU ASKED FOR IT!

BANG!



A PASSAGeway UP THRU THE ROCK!
IT MUST LEAD TO THE PLACE WHERE
THAT MACHINE GUN IS!



SPACEHAWK SPRINGS UP A LONG, WINDING
FLIGHT OF CRUDE STEPS, AND SEES—

AH! A COMMITTEE OF
ONE TO RECEIVE ME
AT THE DOOR!

STOP! YOU
MY PRISONER!



BUT SPACEHAWK KEEPS ON COMING, AND
DIVES IN THE INSTANT THE GIANT
GUARD OPENS FIRE!

YOU LOOK TOUGH!
LET'S SEE IF YOU
REALLY ARE!

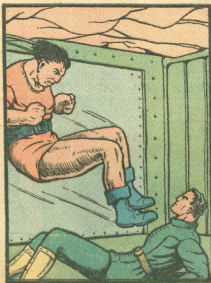


FIRST, LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN
DO WITHOUT THAT GUN!



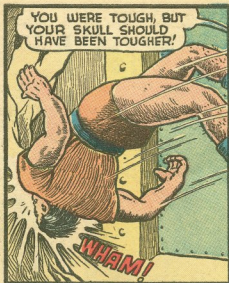
WOW! NOT BAD,
BROTHER!

CRACK!



RIGHT INTO MY HANDS!
NICE WORK!





SPACEHAWK HEARS THE STEEL DOORS OPENING, AND WHIRLS TO SEE HIS OLD ENEMY—

DR. GORE!



SURPRISED, EH, SPACEHAWK? THOUGHT THAT TUMBLE INTO THE CANYON KILLED ME, DIDN'T YOU? A NATIVE CARRIED ME OUT, AND IN SPITE OF MY BROKEN BONES, I LIVED! THIS NECK BRACE PUTS ME AT A PHYSICAL DISADVANTAGE, BUT YOU WON'T TOUCH ME—UNLESS YOU WANT A DEADLY DOSE FROM THIS ACID GUN!



MY NAZI AGENTS, INCLUDING DR. KRAUSMANN, HAVE BEEN WATCHING YOU—JUST IN CASE YOU STARTED SNOOPING! MY BROADCASTING PRO-NAZI THOUGHT SUGGESTIONS INTO AMERICAN MINDS IS RATHER STUPENDOUS, DON'T YOU THINK? I OCCASIONALLY ALTER THE WAVE LENGTH TO MATCH THE VARIOUS TYPES OF HUMAN RECEIVERS! SOON ALL AMERICA WILL BE CONTROLLED BY MY POWERFUL, TRANSMITTED THOUGHTS, AND MY COUNTRY WILL WIN A QUICK AND BLOODLESS VICTORY!



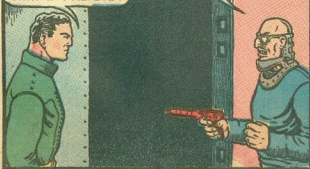
AS FOR THE GREEN SKINS, THE ULTRA-SHORT WAVES CAUSE A CHEMICAL REACTION WHICH ALTERS THE COLOR PIGMENT! I UNDERSTAND IT'S VERY EFFECTIVE!



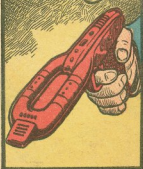
DR. GORE TOUCHES A SWITCH, AND A SECTION OF THE WALL MOVES BACK...

AND NOW I'M GOING TO SETTLE WITH YOU! THAT IS THE ENTRANCE TO A DUNGEON INSIDE THIS ROCK! YOU WILL ENTER AND STAY THERE UNTIL YOU DIE! GET IN THERE!

WHAT IF I REFUSE?



THE ACID INSIDE THIS GUN IS THE KIND THAT INSTANTLY BURNS TO THE BONE! I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE SECONDS TO GO THRU THAT DOOR, OR.....



SPACEHAWK STEPS TOWARD THE DUNGEON...

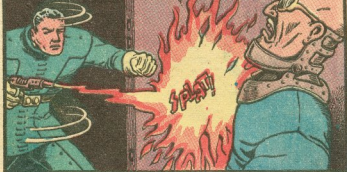
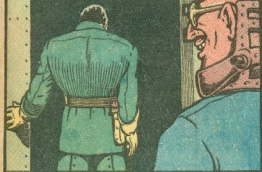
YOU WIN,
DR. GORE!

HA! VENGEANCE AT
LAST! WHAT A PLEASURE
IT WILL BE TO WATCH
EACH STAGE OF YOUR
DEATH!

LIKE A FLASH SPACEHAWK WHEELS,
WHIPS OUT HIS GUN AND FIRES!

BUT YOU DON'T
WIN FOR LONG!

OW!
MY HAND!



IN YOU GO!



THAT SHOULD HOLD
YOU UNTIL THE
F.B.I. GETS HERE!

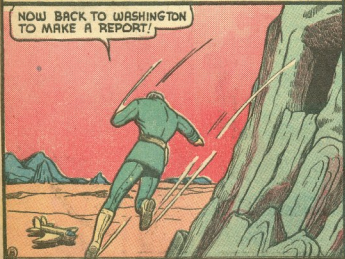


WHEN I GET THRU WITH THIS
TRANSMITTER, I DON'T
BELIEVE IT'LL WORK
VERY WELL!



SPACEHAWK LEAPS FROM A WINDOW IN THE ROCK.....

NOW BACK TO WASHINGTON
TO MAKE A REPORT!



ON THE WAY BACK HE HEARS A NEWS FLASH.

ACCORDING TO REPORTS FROM ALL
SECTIONS OF AMERICA, THE GREEN
PLAGUE HAS SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED!
ALL VICTIMS HAVE MIRACULOUSLY RECOVERED!

THAT'S GOOD
NEWS! WITH
DR. GORE'S
DIABOLIC MIND
MESSAGES OFF
THE AIR, THINGS
ARE ALREADY
BACK TO
NORMAL!



**NEXT
MONTH**

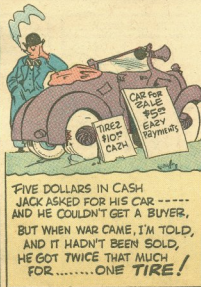
SPACEHAWK COMES BACK IN
ANOTHER TARGET COMICS ADVENTURE



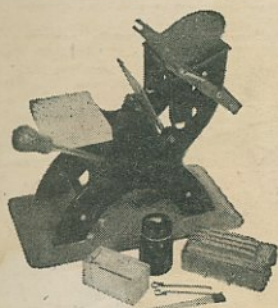
54 Colored 2 1/2 x 3 Western Star Pictures 30c
25 Colored 5 x 7 Movie Star Pictures 30c



You may have a set 54 pictures all Cowboys and Cowgirls. Size 2 1/2 x 3 for 30c, or you may have a set of most Popular Movie Stars. Size 5 x 7 for 30c, or both for 60c. All Pictures in Bright Colors on Fine Paper. SCREEN ART STUDIOS, Dep. R 2529 N. Richmond, Chicago, Ill.



PRINTED IN U.S.A.



Be a Printer!

Operate this steel **PRINTING PRESS**. Full equipment and instructions included.

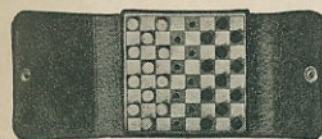
No. MO-108\$1.00



Spot far-off Objects

Everything appears bigger when seen through this 3 3/4" **POCKET TELESCOPE**.

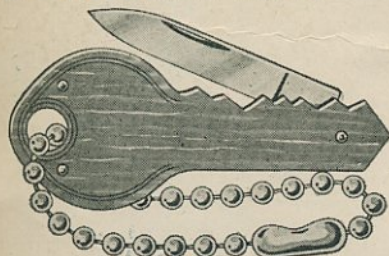
No. MO-169 ... 40¢



Carry It Like a Wallet

Checkers can't slide off this **CHECKER GAME**.

No. MO-14320¢



A Knife that carries your keys

The **KEY KNIFE** is tricky to carry. Good for a gift.

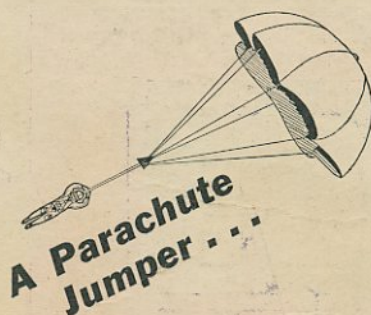
No. MO-18929¢



For "real" Woodsmen

Heavy gauge quality steel. Bone stag handle. Get this **CAMP KNIFE AND SHEATH**.

No. MO-21375¢



A Parachute Jumper ...

IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD!

Send the "**FLYING ACE**" **PARACHUTE JUMPER** soaring high into the air with the shooter. He'll drop gradually to earth just like one of Uncle Sam's Paratroops.

The jumper is designed in full regulation togs from goggles to heavy gloves. When opened out wide, chute and jumper together measure 3 feet.

No. MO-216 ... 20¢



You need this big Dictionary with World Maps

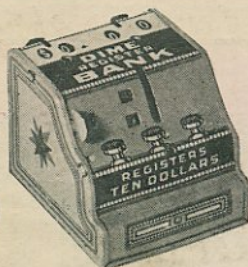
40,000 word meanings; 394 reference pages; 192 pictures; 14 "extra" sections. Wait till you see this handsome black and gold **DICTIONARY**.

No. MO-20930¢

\$10

\$10

\$10



The **AUTOMATIC DIME REGISTER BANK** unlocks when you save \$10.

No. MO-15815¢

Eyes in the back of your head!

Look behind you, over fences, around corners, with the **PERISCOPE**.

No. MO-140

20¢



Play a Joke on Someone



Make 'em jump with the **JOY BUZZER**.

No. MO-178

25¢



Lucky!

The **CHINESE GOOD LUCK RING** fits any finger.

No. MO-144

15¢



What is the Secret?

Learn the secret way to open the **MYSTERY KNIFE**.

No. MO-186 ... 30¢

Send order and remittance to:

TREASURE HOUSE Dept.

NOVELTY PRESS, Inc.

119 West 19th Street, New York, N. Y.
No shipments will be made outside the United States because of the uncertainty of present mail deliveries.

4MOST

comics

MOST

A **FOR**TUNE IN ENTER★

**FOUR
FEATURES
FOR**

FORMIDABLE PLOTS

FOREMOST ACTION!

BE AMONG THE
FORTUNATE!

STORIES
YOU WILL
NEVER
FORGET!

DICK COLE

AMERICA'S
REAL HERO!



HE'S
TOPS!

DON'T MISS
DICK AND SIMBA
IN THE MYSTERY
OF THE
TOTEM'S EYES!
AN ALASKAN
ADVENTURE!

**SUMMER
ISSUE**

featuring:



taken from the
most popular characters
in your
FAVORITE COMICS!



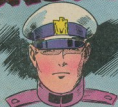
WE ARE PROUD TO PRES

RETURNED BY
POPULAR DEMAND!



**KING
OF THEM
ALL!**

AND KIT CARTER THE
CADET



YESSIR! KIT SNAPS INTO ONE OF HIS FASTEST YARNS THIS TIME!

EXTRA!

MEET...



DAN'T FLANNEL!

...YOU'LL LIKE THIS SOLID
CITIZEN OF THE MISSISSIPPI...
AND HIS **MANY FRIENDS!**

WOW!

WAIT TILL
YOU READ

EDISON BELL!



FAST ACTION! HUMAN INTEREST!
...PLUS **SIX** GADGETS FOR **YOU!**

GET **YOUR** COPY
OF
4 MOST

NOW! NOW! NOW!

---WE WOULDN'T WANT
YOU TO MISS THIS BIG
ISSUE! ... IT'S ONE OF THE
THE BEST!

ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND... 10¢